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The Nation. March 29, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

TRIUMPH OF REAGANISM

"President Ronald Reagan. President Reagan." The name and title don't roll off the tongue. But perhaps we had better accustom ourselves to hailing "President Reagan" as the embodiment of the collective will. President Carter is already running against Candidate Reagan, happily sure the Californian's banner is safely up the enemy flagpole. This means Carter can slide even further over to the right, his natural habitat.

In Illinois, Reagan charged Carter with "appeasement," that smoking word, along with "vacillation" and "aimlessness," better-chosen terms. Carter does nothing to appease the Russians, and nothing he does can appease the right wing. Arms spending goes up and up, new weapons systems crowd the drawing boards, Marines go on station in the Indian Ocean, more and more Soviet actions are "unacceptable."

Of the mainstream candidates for the chief magistracy only Kennedy seems to hear a different drum, and Carter confidently ignores the challenge. The current President's war is a rear-guard action conducted in increasingly bellicose tones against a rival Carter has not yet seen fit to call "Godless Communism," as did Reagan.

Perhaps President Reagan, ennobled by the highest office, would abandon the tone of John Foster Dulles in characterizing the real world. But one can doubt that, given his record of ferocious inanities as Candidate Reagan. And we are left with the formulations of Carter, the acting President, who, when asked whether his distribution of "discretionary" Federal grants in striking coincidence with primary election dates and places was done to buy votes, replied magisterially, "I have never favored a person or city."

Indeed he has not, as neglected persons and cities can testify. And neither would President Reagan, if he got the chance. Carter and Reagan have that much in common.

A GUIDE TO DRAFT DETERRENCE
Bertram Gross

GEOPOLITICAL NARCISSISM
Fred Halliday

CORPORATE POWER
Ralph Nader

ZIMBABWE'S FUTURE
Gerard Colby Zilg

OIL RESERVE
Robert Sherrill

FLAUBERT'S LETTERS
Peter Brooks

APOCALYPSE NOW?

WAR AND PEACE AND THE LEFT

SANDY CLOSE

Fear of war, like a low-grade fever, has spread across the country since last December. For the first time since the Cuban missile crisis, both proponents and opponents of détente have assumed the possibility that the United States is on a collision course with the Soviet Union. Only six months ago, the balance of terror seemed operable; now public polls show a majority of Americans support U.S. interventionism abroad. Many on the left and liberal sides of the spectrum blame the Carter Administration for generating this war psychosis. And there is, in many circles, a conviction that in the face of insoluble problems at home, Carter is now willing to take risks abroad, comparable to those the Russians took when they invaded Afghanistan.

At the same time, Americans share a deepening pessimism over the state of our economy. Six months ago, we saw inflation as endemic to the American way of life, something we had to learn to live with. Today, that mood of pragmatism and resilience has turned into fear that we may be careening toward economic collapse—a fear manifested in a growing disinclination to support programs whose benefits are postponed to the future. Consumers show increasing disinterest in nutrition, for example; Congressional support for programs guaranteeing on-the-job safety and basic environmental safeguards has declined sharply; in one city after another, voters are disinvesting in the institutions that insure our ability to reproduce a healthy and literate population.

Underlying these fears are real and dramatic changes in the global and domestic topography.

(Continued on Page 372)

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LETTERS.

EXPULSION CLARIFIED

Washington

How honored I ought to be at becoming a victim to the notorious Section 2 of Britain's dread Official Secrets Act. But, alas, Clancy Sigal ["The British Way of Libel," *The Nation*, March 1] has his facts a bit wrong about the mechanics of my expulsion from Britain.

In fact my deportation had no direct connection whatever with the Official Secrets Act, which is a criminal statute, and which I never was accused of violating.

Indeed, I wasn't accused of violating any criminal law. Instead, my expulsion was accomplished by means of the fine print in Britain's Immigration Act, under which foreigners can be expelled, under certain conditions, by executive fiat without recourse to judicial appeal or review. The Government explicitly stated to the House of Commons that the "evidence" in my case wasn't of a nature to be presented in court; in other words, there wasn't any evidence that would have stood up. But the Government didn't need any because of my American nationality.

Interestingly, a journalistic colleague of mine, of British nationality, ultimately faced a trial under the Official Secrets Act's most draconian provisions, Section 1. The key charge was that he assembled unclassified information so efficiently it constituted top-security material. Shades of Howard Morland? But the British trial judge threw out this charge after defense lawyers tore the prosecution evidence apart with citations from the British equivalent of the *Congressional Record*. So far as I could determine, my supposed calumnies were no more grave. What my expulsion therefore proved, if anything, was that there's one law for them wot 'as British nationality, and another law for them wot 'asn't. *Mark Hosenball*

MORE ON QUINN

Philadelphia

I want to congratulate you on the review by Jim Quinn of Richard Mitchell's *Less Than Words Can Say* ["A Plague of Pop Grammarians," *The Nation*, Dec., 22, 1979]. It is almost as startling as heartening to read sense on this subject in a general publication. Indeed, I remember years ago, the time of the Webster's III controversy, when *The Nation* was in the ranks of the Edwin Newmans. It struck me as ironic that a journal that advocates democracy was in the position of attacking a profit-making enterprise for not serving as god and guardian of the citizenry's linguistic morals. *Dell Hymes*

Editor, Language & Society
Dean, Graduate School of Education
University of Pennsylvania

Arlington, Va.

Jim Quinn's lengthy, ill-tempered review of Richard Mitchell's *Less Than Words Can Say* appears to demonstrate inadvertently Professor Mitchell's thesis that care about grammar is related to care about content. After a rambling discourse on Black English, Quinn admits that "There is really no argument about teaching children to read and write Standard English—only about how it is to be done. With humanity and with understanding, or with drills that the children cannot understand." I'm not aware that Professor Mitchell or Edwin Newman or anyone else is advocating that English be taught inhumanely or without understanding. The "argument" is about how *well* we do it—e.g., one might add cruelly, by encouraging the writing of complete sentences.

I was not familiar with your seemingly snide and inaccurate term, "pop grammarians," but in the context of the Quinn review, I certainly endorse their efforts. *Ron Ross*

Washington

It is obvious to me, as a longtime reader of *The Underground Grammarian*, that Jim Quinn is not familiar with Richard Mitchell's extraordinary broadside. If he were, he would know that Mitchell never takes students to task—but only teachers and bureaucrats—for abuse of the English language. Nor is Mitchell's concern solely with nit-picking niceties about agreement of subject and verb; he wants educators and bureaucrats to make clear what, if anything, they are trying to communicate.

It is also obvious to me, as a former teacher of English in an inner-city high school, that Quinn underestimates the talents of black youngsters when he pleads for toleration of Black English. Those students are perfectly capable of speaking both Black English *and* Standard English as it suits their purpose. Really, Quinn carries reverse snobbery too far.

Mitchell is a refreshing, rare voice in the academic wilderness, defending students against teachers who are ripping them off by awarding them meaningless diplomas and degrees. I would urge your readers to judge for themselves how valuable Mitchell's work is by reading his *Underground Grammarian* and his book, *Less Than Words Can Say*, for themselves.

Henrietta Wexler
Assistant Editor, American Education

OFF THE BACKS

Toronto, Canada

I trust Sidney Zion ["Bill Douglas," *The Nation*, Feb. 2] doesn't think your Constitution was written in 1776.

The Bill of Rights was designed to keep the Federal Government off the backs of the people, and in the last two of the rights, off the backs of the states. A candid look at Justice William O. Douglas's decisions might cause one to conclude that this wasn't quite his aim. *George Hendry*

FRESH BREATH

Belmont, Mass.

Thanks to Robert Sherrill ["Laudable Leaks," *The Nation*, March 1] for his response to "The Abscam Caper" [editorial, *The Nation*, Feb. 16]. A breath of fresh air! *G. Kronenberg*

FIRST OR LAST

New York City

Robert Lekachman was right, but not strong enough. His editorial comparing politicians ["Scoundrel Time," *The Nation*, Feb. 16] ends noting the current validity of Samuel Johnson's eighteenth-century definition—"Patriotism: the last refuge of a scoundrel." About 1906 the great cynical lexicographer Ambrose Bierce wrote: "With all due respect . . . I beg to submit that it is the first." *Harrison Roth*

The Nation welcomes letters but space limitations often prevent publication of those longer than 250 words.

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EDITORIALS.

False Remedies

There are, by conservative count, six things about President Carter's "new" anti-inflation program that should depress us. (The program will also depress the U.S. economy, on which more later.) First, there is nothing new about it. Second, it won't stop or even slow inflation; indeed, over the short term, where most of us live, it will increase prices. Third, the President doesn't expect it to reduce inflation. Fourth, it will redistribute prolonged suffering—will make the rich richer and the rest of us poorer. Fifth, the Carter program represents not a new economic policy but a manipulative psychology at work. Its goal is to force down the wage earners' standard of living so they will better serve in the new, restructured world economy that the Administration and Big Business envisage. Finally, complaints of liberal politicians and union leaders are hollow, for they have no political refuge to flee to and they are afraid to move into real opposition.

As with past anti-inflation placebos, the question is not "Will it work?" but "Can the illusion be sold?" The economic debate within the Administration was not over meaningful economic programs but rather over whether a balanced budget or tightened credit was more efficacious psychologically. "We know these measures won't bring down inflation over the next several months," say the Carter economic shrinks. "We're counting on the emotional impact of a balanced budget to give the people the feeling that something is finally being done."

Something is being done, to be sure, beyond the "purely symbolic" balanced budget. There will be real cuts of domestic programs for the cities and the poor and none in defense. "Weapons Costs Up $28.8 Billion in Fourth Quarter," reads the headline in *The Washington Post* of March 6, and the A.P. story, based on the Pentagon's quarterly report to Congress, details that about half of that largest "defense"

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jump on record is due to the devilish inflation, the rest to "procurement delays, quantity changes," and the like.

Just as a kind of benchmark, that three-month period's rise in arms costs (which will of course be met as a priority item) is about double the twelve-month Federal budget deficit that will be put "in balance." Most of the cuts will come, of course, from programs pejoratively called "social." There is no balance or equity in the "social" account. Item: in New York, welfare payments for "nonshelter" benefits under the Aid to Families with Dependent Children have not risen since 1974. No change in the income level in those six years; the price level is up 58 percent. So the A.F.D.C. "clients" eat worse and have to use part of the money for rent. Up the social ladder a step or two, workers are apparently accepting wage increases at half the current rate of inflation. Thus the newly proclaimed "guidelines" translate the officially desired docility. Only the rich and the corporations are not so "taxed." Their "sacrifice" is to invest in productivity, an ephemeral bite.

The President was being coy about the specifics until after the Illinois and New York primaries, but the proposed cuts include revenue sharing to the states, a welfare reform program and mass transit. Even New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation head Felix Rohatyn called the Carter plan "a recipe for disaster in both the Northeast and New York City itself" that will trigger a recession.

Along with its recessionary aspects, the Carter plan will be inflationary as well. The $4.62-a-barrel tax on imported oil will boost gasoline prices a "mere" 10 cents a gallon, which could add as much as a point to the Consumer Price Index (a study by New York State's Department of Energy contends that oil prices make up one-third of the C.P.I.). What is more, the Arab oil producers, who expressed anger against the $4 excise tax when it was first broached by the Administration, can be expected to jump their own prices. Higher interest rates to businesses will be passed on to consumers, but home-buyers and car-buyers can't pass their increased credit costs on to anyone; the inflated bucks stop with them—if they can get any.

New York Times columnist Tom Wicker recently described President Carter as "an incumbent President whose record of ineptitude stands unmatched since Warren G. Harding, and whose campaign is based on foreign policy crises largely of his own making." What is scary is that he might just pull it off, win re-election and usher us into the new dawn of an old day, dominated by the economics of Harding and Herbert Hoover—and the disaster those policies produced.

Al Lowenstein

"Our citizens attend both to public and private duties, and do not allow absorption in their own various affairs to interfere with their knowledge of the city's. We differ from other states in regarding the man who holds aloof from public life not as 'quiet' but as useless." Thus spoke Pericles in the funeral oration that has come to represent the meaning of genuine citizenship and life within the polity.

Allard K. Lowenstein, as much as any man in the half century he lived, before his idiotic death on March 14 at the hands of a presumably crazed protégé, lived the vision set forth 2,500 years ago. Much that was good about the 1960s, especially the heightened sensitivity to injustice and suffering, was in a significant sense his handiwork, or was nourished by his participation, for the most enduring memory of Al to many of his friends is his constant crisscrossing of the country (and often the world) in an effort to inform people and awaken their own sense of public passion. He called into being an entire army of students who made their indelible mark on American life. Although most of the newspaper articles after his death properly referred to his key role in the 1968 "Dump Johnson" movement, it is well to recall that the 1964 Freedom Summer in Mississippi was also heavily influenced by his vision and energy.

Although Lowenstein became well known in the 1960s, he had been an active participant in public affairs ever since his college days at the University of North Carolina in the late 1940s. And *his* polity was the entire world. In the 1950s he was one of the relatively few Americans who maintained active interest in Spanish resistance to Franco, and he developed a first-hand familiarity with the struggle of South African blacks in their search for justice. For Al, the '60s were different only insofar as his audience was wider and more receptive to his views. And, when the '60s disintegrated into the aloofness from public life of the mid-'70s, Al remained faithful to the Periclean vision. He allowed himself to look foolish to the sophisticated as he ran futile races for public office following his defeat in 1970 after one term in the House of Representatives. His foolishness, if such it was, was his continued belief that individuals working together could make a difference and that the public forum—the agora of Pericles's city—was the place for one who would live his life to the fullest. His was not the politics of pollsters and advance-men and -women; perhaps we would have been better off had he been less idealistic about us, for then at least he might have been elected, but that was not to be.

Al Lowenstein's death leaves us all poor. We will miss his wise voice, so brutally silenced, in our American agora.

Pinto Precedent

A hundred years ago, when the great railway magnates were just beginning to stake their claims on the American economy, criminal prosecutions of corporations were commonplace. At that time the courts did not hesitate to hold corporations liable for the harm they may have inflicted on individuals. Somehow, by the time the modern corporation became a pillar of the American economy in the early twentieth century (see Ralph Nader's article on page 365), the principle of corporate criminal accountability had fallen by the wayside.

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There are at long last, however, strong signs that corporate executives will no longer be immune from criminal prosecution when they decide knowingly to market a product with serious safety hazards. One such indicator was the recent case involving the Ford Motor Company, which was acquitted of responsibility for the deaths of three young women in a fiery, structurally defective Ford Pinto.

Ford got off this time—perhaps as a result of the judge's controversial decision to exclude on technical grounds evidence in the form of Ford internal documents. These documents demonstrated that the corporation had prior knowledge of the Pinto's defective gas tank. Despite a sympathetic judge and a defense war chest of a reported $3 million (the budget of the small-town prosecutor in Winamac, Indiana, was $20,000), Ford very nearly lost the case. The jury deliberated for four days before reaching a decision.

But more important than the verdict in this particular case is the principle that has been re-established—the importance of holding corporate criminals accountable. The indictment of Ford for murder in the Pinto case was in itself an important legal breakthrough that will have continuing reverberations. Only last week, for instance, Conrail was indicted in Ohio for criminal negligence in the death of a woman killed in a rail accident. The idea that corporations may endanger lives in order to cut costs must be relegated to the boneyard of American capitalism along with child labor, trusts and the doctrine of assumed risk.

Power for Sale

After Abscam, some people have argued that there is a difference between the use of undercover agents to catch officials who take bribes and their use to catch, for example, those who sell drugs. This distinction is wrong and perpetuates a double standard of criminal-law enforcement.

The argument is that if a suspect, call him Charlie, possesses drugs and is looking to sell them, a crime has already been committed because the very possession of drugs is a crime. So when an undercover agent buys the drugs, he is not creating a crime that did not already exist. In addition, use of the agent yields credible evidence against Charlie because the agent will be more believable than another drug dealer who has decided to cooperate with the police and because the agent may be "wired" so that his transaction with Charlie is recorded on tape.

On the other hand, a person who has influence because of his or her political position is not for that reason alone breaking the law. Possessing drugs is unlawful. Having influence is not. When an undercover agent offers to buy the influence in exchange for money, no crime is possible because the agent doesn't really mean it. That is, the agent does not really intend to have the influence used in return for the payment. Consequently, it is argued that there never was or will be a "real crime."

There are problems with these distinctions. Charlie will be charged not simply with possessing drugs but with an illegal sale as well, a difference that can mean a lot of extra prison time in many places. So the agent's purchase may create a new crime that did not exist before. No one has successfully argued on behalf of people charged with the sale of drugs, or any other contraband, that the "sale" part of the crime was not a "real crime" because the buyer was a cop.

It is argued, however, that the transfer of drugs to an agent is in itself an illegal activity, though officially instigated, while the agreement to exercise influence in the future should not be a crime, at least not where it is impossible ever actually to follow through because there is no influence the agent wants to have exercised. This distinction reflects two different arguments, both wrong.

The first argument is that an agreement to accept money to exercise influence should not even be criminalized because no wrong is done by virtue of the agreement alone. It is not until the influence is actually exercised that a wrong is done and that a crime occurs. Aside from the fact that the law punishes agreements all the time, long before they accomplish their illegal goals, this argument runs into another, special problem in the area of bribes. The Supreme Court has recently held that a Congressman may not be convicted of bribe taking based on evidence of how he voted or what he said in Congress. Evidence of a Congressman's votes and statements must be excluded from a criminal trial under the Speech and Debate Clause of the Constitution. Consequently, if we accept the idea that the crime of bribe taking is not complete until the influence is actually exercised, prosecutions for selling influence in Congress will be impossible because, as Assistant Attorney General Philip B. Heymann has said, the Government will be able to prove "that money passed (the quid), [but will be prevented from] introducing evidence of the official act (the quo)."

Those opposed to the use of undercover agents to catch bribe takers might agree that accepting money for influence should be made a crime but argue that for policy or other reasons, the agreement—the crime—should not be triggered, or the official even tempted, by undercover agents. This argument relies, without actually saying so, on the fact that the drug seller deals in a tangible product while the bribe taker deals in a service. Consider how well the argument holds up by exploring its operation in a parallel situation involving a service.

The police learn that a person may be a killer for hire and believe he has been responsible for several recent murders. They have sufficient evidence to indict, but feel that the prosecution will be too chancy. An undercover agent approaches the suspect and offers him $20,000 to kill his business partner. The suspect agrees. This is an illegal service, just like the bribe taker's. The police should not have used the agent in this situation if the distinction earlier made between bribe takers and drug sellers is correct. But let's go further. The agent tells the suspect his partner will be sitting in a blue Chevy at a designated time and place. The murder is to occur then. The killer finds the car and shoots at the

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Once again a "solution" has given rise to a new and perhaps more vexatious problem than the one it was supposed to solve. Direct Presidential primaries are now held in most states; in theory, the direct primary was designed to eliminate the brokerage and vote-trading that went on at party conventions. Today the two major parties have little to do with the selection of Presidential candidates. The voter's choice is limited to the handful of contenders who have had the hardihood to enter the primaries marathon. But suppose none of the primary contenders, in either party, measure up to the task in terms of character, political skill, background, experience and demonstrated competence? The national conventions are not likely to discover alternative candidates from outside the primary field.

Primary campaigns are expensive, exhausting and tedious; in most elections they even fail to define the issues. New ideas seldom surface. It is mostly a question of balancing rival personalities, of screening faces. The main concerns of the candidates seem to be to avoid gaffes that might alienate some voters and to project a pleasant image. Anxious for a little excitement, the media invariably overplay the importance of the most unrepresentative primaries. Candidates develop "set speeches" (Reagan has been repeating his since he was a paid performer on General Electric's service-club circuit); they learn to brush off sharp questions with deftness and aplomb or give equivocal answers. They shake hands, sip coffee, kiss babies and hug grandmothers. Television debates are pointless. How to define a position on inflation in sixty seconds on the tube?

So Reagan wins in New Hampshire and is promptly billed as the Republican front-runner; one could have made book that his photo would appear on the cover of the two major news magazines that week—as it did. Bush, whose emergence out of nowhere had been a "big story," is then promptly demoted to the second rank. Baker drops out. And a new "hero" of the moment (the media will always invent one if necessary) is John Anderson, an attractive TV performer and, by nearly universal agreement, "a nice man." But that hardly justifies the assumption that he is of Presidential caliber.

On the Democratic side, Carter's credibility has been destroyed; it should be obvious by now that he is not of Presidential stature. He too often acts like a sophomore; he is politically craven and opportunistic. He lies when truth would better serve his purpose. And he is not above asking loyal subordinates to take the rap for his grievous mistakes. Where and how did the notion ever gain currency that this born-again peanut farmer had Presidential qualifications? Kennedy, of course, is a cut above Carter; but one cannot be sure about his staying qualities. Of course, the voter can mark a ballot for Barry Commoner and thereby help the Citizens Party get off the ground, but a protest vote does not get at the root problem, which is that under our present method of choosing Presidents it is often the hot air rather than the cream that rises to the top.

Prof. Henry Graff of Columbia University is quite right in saying that if Americans are ever to recruit qualified civilian Presidents (military heroes constitute a special category) to whom they can award genuine acclaim, whom they can follow with enthusiasm, they must cast off old, self-deceiving habits. Faced with today's demoralized political scene, voters must assume responsibility for seeing to it that some impressive candidates enter the primaries. Unfortunately, primary contenders are not recruited: they just decide to "take a crack at it." And why not? A nonperson can often do fairly well; relative unknowns have certain advantages. Primary campaigning is at best a kind of sleight-of-hand, hit-and-run game. Voters have not demanded that certain candidates run; the candidates have simply said, "Hey, look me over!" The fundamental problem is that voters have abandoned their responsibility for flushing out candidates who would be, for example, a cut above the average of 1980's mediocre list. Candidates are no longer recruited; they recruit constituencies.

Recently I interviewed two dozen or so experienced political reporters. I said, "Forget about the 1980 election but give me, please, the names of some individuals, of any party or political persuasion, who you think have Presidential credentials, and don't select them merely in terms of their electability." Of the first six reporters interviewed, I drew blanks, long pauses followed by the abject admission: "I'm damned if I know." To prod them I said: What about some top corporate executives? College presidents? Scientists? Labor leaders? Individuals from the professions? Diplomats? Journalists and editors? Officials in the Federal Government (or former officials)? Governors, Mayors, Senators, Representatives? It didn't help much. In desperation and as a kind of cop-out, the next batch of interviewees began to name individuals they liked or friends of long standing. But a nice man or woman does not a credible President make. I won't embarrass those interviewed by listing some of the names mentioned; some were simply minor media celebrities or liberal or conservative "cult" figures who had been around for a long time. No exciting fresh prospects; no nominees with new ideas or clear vision. None that questioned seriously the prevailing consensus. It was, I must admit, a depressing experience.

Faced with today's crisis in national affairs, voters should come alive and recognize that they have a responsibility to set the recruitment process in motion; they must seek out the kind of candidates they would like to see enter the primaries. They must help organize movements to induce these individuals to run and then must mobilize support for them. We can do better; the talent is available. It is waiting to be tapped. But the art of recruitment has lapsed. It is no answer to say that the November election will provide a meaningful choice; this may not be true. It could be—indeed, right now it seems it will be—Reagan versus Carter, an even more miserable pairing than we had in 1976.

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"person" in the driver's seat. If, as would seem reasonable, the police have placed a dummy in the driver's seat, the murder was not possible, just as the actual use of influence by the bribe taker was not possible. If the distinction I am arguing against is valid, the police could not prosecute the killer for attempted murder unless they were willing actually to risk a real person in the driver's seat, thereby making the murder possible.

More sophisticated criminals have more sophisticated "products" to sell, products that are not in themselves illegal but become illegal if used in a forbidden way. The distinction that is being made as a result of the Abscam investigation would have the effect of allowing the use of undercover agents against less sophisticated criminals, those who sell products illegal in themselves, and forbidding or restricting the use of these agents against sophisticated lawbreakers, those who sell power and influence.

Persons who believe such a distinction is wise must be prepared to answer a tough question. It now appears that in the Abscam case the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was not pursuing particular officials but happened upon them in the course of an investigation. Assume this is so. Assume a suspect whom the police had cause to believe knew what he was talking about said to an undercover agent: "I can accomplish that goal for you but we'll need the help of Representative X, who's a good friend of mine. I am prepared to introduce you to him. He will of course charge for his help." If something like this occurs, what is the agent—the Government—to do?

Undercover agents do raise tricky questions. J. Edgar Hoover, who may have done more damage to constitutional rights than even Richard Nixon, used undercover agents to infiltrate political groups, foment discord and spy on people guilty of no crime. Those of us following the gradual revelation of these injuries to associational and other First Amendment freedoms may sometimes feel that it would be better to do away with the use of undercover agents altogether than risk the chance that they will again be so promiscuously used. I believe misuse of undercover agents can be avoided by conditioning their use on judicial warrant, limiting the crimes they may be used to investigate, and providing safeguards against placing them in groups with constitutionally protected goals. I can understand why others may disagree. But one conclusion seems inescapable: if undercover agents are going to be permitted, they must be permitted against the crimes of the mighty no less than those of the low.

STEPHEN GILLERS

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ARTICLES.

CIVIL OBEDIENCE

The Citizen's Guide to Draft Deterrence

BERTRAM GROSS

Throughout America the debate is beginning on Jimmy Carter's plans for bringing back the draft by registering young people and computerizing the Selective Service System. But the serious discussions are not taking place in Congress. They are going on in churches and synagogues, antidraft and antiwar assemblies and demonstrations, college classes and teach-ins and even some high schools. Unfortunately, the gut feeling that "something must be done about it" is often stronger than an awareness of the necessary "something" or even the exact nature of "it."

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What is lacking is a broad strategy for defeating registration in 1980—lobbying, litigation, legislation and, above all, a massive campaign of nonviolent *civil obedience*. But before considering such a strategy, we must first understand Carter's seven-part program and the grim logic behind it.

Carter's R-Day Program

Step one of the Carter plan calls for a buildup of the Selective Service System. The aim is to have a standby system that, in the event of an emergency, "could start inductions within 30 days after mobilization (M + 30), induct 100,000 no later than M + 60 and accomplish 650,000 inductions within 180 days." To develop this capability, a beefed-up central staff is to work with the fifty state governors in developing "a process for recruiting and training members of local boards." Instead of setting up state, area and local boards at once, Selective Service will recruit and train the staffs of 434 area offices, to be located in military recruiting stations throughout the country. To handle all the data that will be flowing up, Selective Service will expand its computer capacity and also complete the creation of a computer network tied in with the data banks of the military, the Internal Revenue Service and the Social Security Administration. To move forward along these lines, Selective Service needs a small additional appropriation of less than $5 million, now unopposed in both houses of Congress. Once the money is obtained, the beefing-up process will not be completed until 1981, after the Presidential election. And that is when the major military offensive for registration,

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examination, classification and induction can be expected.

Second, under existing law the President can order the registration of all males between 18 and 26. To reduce opposition, his plan is to use this power this year with respect to 19- and 20-year-olds only. At some future date, Carter is to order the approximately two million men born in 1960 to troop to their local post offices and fill out registration forms to be mailed to Selective Service. They will be expected to do this during five days late in June (possibly June 23-27), well after the end of the typical college semester. Then, during five days in July (but not the week of July 14, when the Republican convention takes place), another two million born in 1961 are to follow suit. In both cases, they will provide names, home addresses, school addresses (if different) and Social Security numbers. Provision will be made to keep this information up to date by requiring registrants to report all subsequent changes of address until they reach the age of 26. No draft cards will be issued.

Then, in January 1981, all men born in 1962 will be ordered to register. From then on, all young men will be expected to register on or about the day they become 18. At his discretion, however, the President could extend the registration requirements to include any age up to 26. Alternatively, he could stop the registration entirely. One of the rival candidates for the Presidency might pledge to take this latter course the day after inauguration.

In any case, to proceed with registration in June, an appropriation of about $13 million is needed. This is where the major battle is shaping up in Congress. Unless the opposition becomes much stronger, however, the funds will be provided.

The third part of Carter's program is a tongue-in-cheek proposal for the registration of women. This would require not only funds but also a specific amendment of the existing Military Selective Service Act. But the hard-nosed hawks in the two Congressional armed services committees are notoriously equivocating on equal rights for women. They know that draft registration for women would strengthen the case for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment and contribute to the narrowing of the male-female salary differentials so dear to the hearts of large-scale employers. According to Barry Lynn, chairperson of the Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD), the registration of women would be defeated by a 6-to-3 vote in the House committee and a 5-to-2 vote in the Senate. With Carter's support for equal registration rights for women—"equal injustice," as CARD terms it—technically preserved for the record, he will then move forward with the registration of four million men in June and July.

Fourth, Selective Service will issue rules to be followed by all state, area and local boards in considering requests for deferments and exemptions. If these rules are similar to those used in the past, they will make no provision for an appellant's right to counsel, transcripts of hearings or any other procedural rights. No legislation has yet been proposed to mandate such protections or even to define the scope of "conscientious objection." It may be assumed that when issued, these regulations will also be challenged in the courts. In any case, my expectation is that any Administration—Republican or Democratic—will yield, with studied reluctance, to demands for concessions to those who conscientiously object on religious, moral or even political grounds. Plans are already under way to co-opt all serious objectors into noncombat support roles or underpaid civilian service.

The fifth part is prosecution of those who fail to register. Under the present law, nonregistrants are liable to penalties of up to five years in prison or a $10,000 fine. No reductions are proposed by the Administration. "The same prosecutorial disparity will occur now," predicts CARD, "as occurred during the Vietnam-era draft, with some U.S. Attorneys ignoring all but the most flagrant abuses, while other zealous prosecutors go to great effort to track down nonregistrants." Earlier, Carter vetoed proposals for "faceless registration"—compiling the names, addresses and other information on young people from existing computer records—but by summertime or else promptly after the elections, if the present plan rolls ahead, the Administration may conduct the same kind of surveillance campaign that the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Army Intelligence waged against draft resisters in the 1960s.

The sixth part is a contingency plan to order registrants to appear personally for physical and mental examinations, classification and the hearing of all appeals. Even without actual induction, this would save lots of time in the event that Carter later seeks, and Congress grants, induction authority. This would also answer those right-wing critics who argue that mere registration without examination and classification is a "symbolic gesture."

The final part is to expand the military's reception centers and training facilities to handle the influx of new inductees if and when induction actually begins. This will not involve the Army only. The Air Force, Navy, Marines, Reserves, National Guard and the R.O.T.C. will all prepare for the additional "volunteers" they expect will come to them in order to escape induction into the Army.

The Logic Behind Draft Registration

If this be madness on Carter's part—to upset many millions of young people and their families in an election year—yet there's more than method in it. There is a threefold strategy—electoral, global and military.

The electoral strategy is rather simple. Draft registration heightens the perception of a national emergency, which stirs up patriotic feelings at all levels of American society. In turn, this builds up the image of the President as a defender of America against foreign savagery while distracting attention from inflation and stagnation.

The global strategy is enormously complex—particularly since there are competing strategists and tongues in the American establishment. For Jimmy Carter, draft registration helps express determination to have the United States "remain [*sic*] the strongest of all nations" and to protect the Persian Gulf region from possible So[illegible]ession. For

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Rosalynn Carter, it helps demonstrate to all the world that—in the words she recently used in Iowa—"Jimmy is not afraid to declare war" (as reported by Robert Healy of *The Boston Globe*). Carter's emissaries in Congress line up support by arguing that voting the funds for draft registration will back up the President in his effort to win more support from reluctant allies in Western Europe. In the high rhetoric of a recent article: "Registration is a signal to the Kremlin that the trauma of Vietnam has not so damaged the American psyche that the U.S. won't fight back when its interests or allies are threatened" (Lisa Myers, "A Giant Step Toward Equality?" *The New Republic*, March 1, 1980). All this I see as a demagogic—although often unconscious—cover-up for rebuilding a cold-war militarism to protect the marginal interests of American-based transnational complexes abroad, preventing any return to détente and propagating the idea that military force is the panacea for resolving moral, economic and political conflicts.

The military logic is based on two open secrets. The first is that volunteers cost more money and draftees always come cheaper. As Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman has repeatedly pointed out, the Pentagon could get all the bodies and heads it wants by simply paying more. But this would take more money away from all the hardware boondoggles—from the MX missile, the new tanks, the new ships and the proposed return of the B-1 bomber, antimissile missiles, the neutron bomb and bomb shelters. The generals and admirals would rather up the pay and emoluments of the experienced 30-to-40-year-old technicians and professionals who are currently failing to re-enlist because they can do much better in civilian work.

The second is that from the viewpoint of future work by the Rapid Deployment Forces the present volunteer army might not be sufficiently reliable. The top brass has never had any objections to large casualty rates among the minorities in the lower echelons. But they are not quite willing to rely too heavily on the loyalty of all black soldiers who might be deployed to fight against black liberation movements in Africa or all Hispanics who might be sent on search-and-destroy missions against guerrillas opposing Central American or Caribbean oligarchies. From this viewpoint, a larger proportion of non-Hispanic whites is needed at all the lower grades, including corporals, sergeants and first lieutenants. Hitting this target does not require a democratic draft (a contradiction in terms in any case). As always, the majority of upper- and middle-income whites will squeeze through the various loopholes and receive exemptions, deferments, officers' training and safe, swivel-chair sinecures.

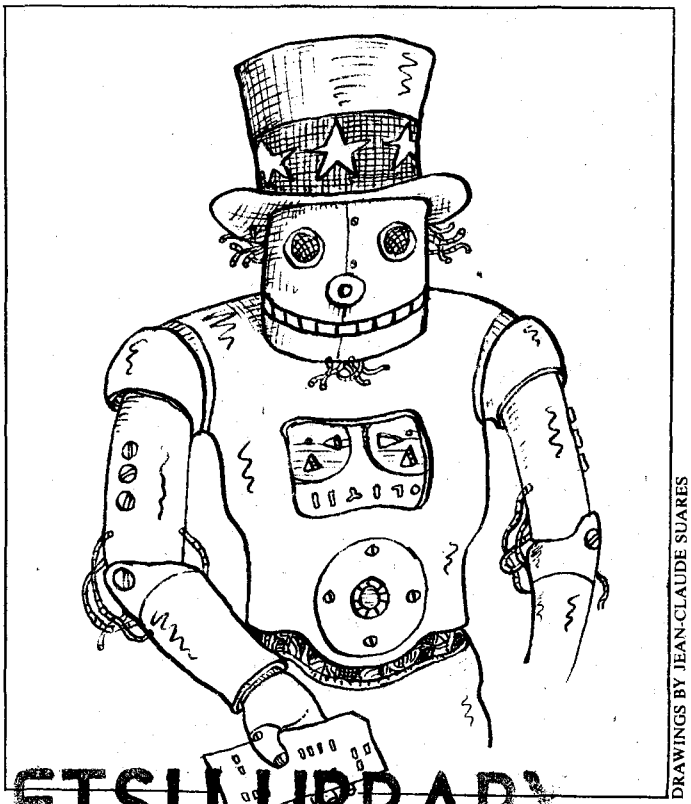
How to Fight the Draft

The antidraft movement, as many-sided as the Pentagon, is gathering steam on these fronts: litigation, legislation, lobbying, nonregistration and "nonviolent civil obedience."

A challenge by the American Civil Liberties Union is but one of many court actions to be expected. The moment the registration order is issued, reports David Landau of the A.C.L.U., it will be appealed on the ground that a males-only registration order violates the equal protection clause of the Constitution. Although registration (as opposed to actual conscription) may be constitutional in peacetime, registration of men only—the A.C.L.U. will probably argue—violates the recent Supreme Court rulings that any sex-based classification must be "closely and substantially" related to important governmental objectives. It is conceivable that the Court may throw out the registration of males. It is much more likely that the Court will either justify the sex-based classification in this case or else, in effect, order the registration of women.

A similar suit could be brought with reference to older people. If enough people join with me, I hope to initiate a class-action appeal contending that age-based registration unconstitutionally discriminates against both the young and the old. Carter has selected the youngest cohorts for registration because they are the politically weakest age group, not because they are more fit for either noncombat duty (the task of 85 percent in the armed forces) or direct combat. His program also discriminates against all people over 26, including those who, like myself, are over 60. This is not because we are less capable. It is because draft registration of the country's older majority in the electorate (including the loud-mouthed militarists who want *other people* to risk death) would quickly produce an overwhelming resistance to militarism and war.

In many other cases, the Selective Service rules will inevitably be brought into court for violating basic constitutional principles of due process. Hundreds of draft lawyers and counselors are brushing up on arguments to be used for various categories of conscientious objectors. The National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has already indicated its resolve to protect people intimidated or spied on in their



DRAWINGS BY JEAN-CLAUDE SUARES

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efforts to stop registration, examination, classification or induction.

The main legislative task at the moment is stopping the Congressional appropriation to Selective Service for registration. If the funds are approved by the House, a Senate filibuster led by Mark Hatfield of Oregon is possible. In both houses many amendments (which may also appear as separate bills) will be offered, including proposals to register members of Congress and their children first and earmark them for direct induction into the Rapid Deployment Forces, to write constitutional safeguards into Selective Service regulations, to require all military officers to face oral and written examinations on the meaning of the U.S. Constitution, etc. In line with the slogan "Register to Vote, Don't Vote to Register," student organizations may be expected to remind Jimmy Carter of a forgotten 1976 election campaign promise—mandatory voter registration of *all* people in the country over 18, which would draw fire from the same hawks who favor draft registration but who are fearful of an enlarged electorate. The electoral rolls would be automatically available to Selective Service or anyone else who wants names and addresses. For that matter, high school principals or college deans could register all young people to vote the moment they reach 18—as is now being done under state law in Michigan.

Lobbying is already proceeding through the normal channels of button-holing legislators, visiting their offices, petitioning, letter-writing, post-card and telephone blitzes, protest meetings, teach-ins, parades and mass demonstrations. The Women Strike for Peace has already conducted demonstrations on International Women's Day in front of local post offices. These actions will not reach a crescendo until after Carter's executive order is issued.

Even without organized opposition, Selective Service expects a certain percentage of nonregistrants. Some people will simply not know they are supposed to register—although under the law this is no excuse. Others will stay away as a matter of personal indifference or opposition. Selective Service expects at least 15 percent nonregistrants—600,000 if men only, twice that number if women are included. Of course, if nonregistration should become a truly mass movement and only, let us say, 15 percent show up, Carter's program would be stopped in its tracks. Such widespread civil disobedience now seems unlikely. Also, while compulsory induction in peacetime may be properly challenged as unconstitutional, there is probably no legal challenge (other than sex- or age-based discrimination) to giving one's name, address and Social Security number to Selective Service.

Finally, I would suggest a campaign of *organized obedience* to the President's draft registration order. When the 20-year-olds are ordered to register, they should prepare to comply. On Monday of the scheduled week they should go to their local post offices with their parents, grandparents, siblings, ministers, rabbis and other friends, together with some food and bedding. Thus supported, they will be equipped to obey not only the President but also the thoughtful injunction of Senator Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas: "Picking up that registration form is likely to make you think about what kind of commitment you are willing to make and what your priorities are in life. That is a healthy exercise in itself." This is too important an exercise to be unduly rushed. Before signature, it requires a careful analysis of the executive order, the published reports on draft registration and the volunteer army by the President, Selective Service and the Pentagon, and a review of the commitments and priorities of national leaders and political candidates, as well as the basic facts on U.S. "interests" in the Persian Gulf, Iran and Afghanistan; the formulation of a comprehensive fuel-conservation policy, and investments of American-based energy transnationals in the Middle East. A thorough, exhaustive review of all these topics should take until Friday noon. Then, before answering the questions on the form and signing it, each registrant should use the margins, blank spaces and opposite sides of each form to write down his or her personal views on these matters, together with a request that they be forwarded by Selective Service to Jimmy Carter. In the event that some local police officials think that the First Amendment rights of these American families might be better exercised in local jails than on Federal property, the families—in the nonviolent spirit of Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King—should be prepared to transfer their obedience activities to that locale.

Surely all the participants in the Republican convention, which starts July 14, will not remain totally deaf to the slogan "The Family That Registers Together Will Stay Together." Libertarians in the party are right now dead set against draft registration. The majority of Republican candidates for the nomination—including Ronald Reagan—have made various noises against either registration now or a peacetime draft. As the election approaches, not only the Republican Platform Committee but even the Republican candidate—depending on the amount of public uproar—may take a stand on keeping Nixon's volunteer army. The Democratic Party convention in August might well pledge itself to dumping Carter's draft registration program, even if they no longer wish to dump Carter.

With such prospects for a summer of discontent, Jimmy Carter could even be deterred from issuing his executive order on draft registration. If this requires him to justify his change of mind by suddenly pulling a dove of peace out of his hat, all the better. This would require a cooler and less frenetic posture vis-à-vis Third World liberation movements and the horror of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. It would not mean going back to Nixon's combination of détente and the volunteer army—that is now ancient history. It would mean going beyond the first détente to a Détente II that would be multilateral instead of bilateral and offer a firmer basis for arms control and disarmament. But this kind of progress is unlikely unless the deterrent of massive opposition to the draft is truly credible—and that requires advance preparation and announcement of the full gamut of action including nonviolent teach-ins at the post offices, vigorous lobbying, legislation and litigation. □

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GEOPOLITICAL NARCISSISM

The Collapse of Carter's Domestic Foreign Policy

FRED HALLIDAY

Within three months of the much-trumpeted U.S. determination to stand up to the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and to "punish" the perfidious Politburo, it is clear as daylight that Carter's foreign policy is an even greater shambles than ever before. The Russians did not move one corporal out of Afghanistan by the February 20 deadline Carter had set for their pullout. The Pakistani junta whose devotion to the free world Carter and Zbigniew Brzezinski so rashly ran to shore up have arrogantly rejected the offer of $200 million in U.S. military aid. Next door in Iran, the U.S. hope that the Russian intervention in Afghanistan would shake the hostages out of the grip of an alarmed Ayatollah Khomeini has shown itself to be derisively misplaced. And throughout the Islamic world, which but a few weeks ago was supposed to be so irate at the Russian role in Afghanistan, there is a new louder and more permanent rage as a result of Carter's tergiversations at the United Nations over the vote on Israeli settlements.

In Europe and Japan, political leaders, now that they have recovered from their first shock at the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, are giving voice to ever-greater irritation at the folly and ineffectiveness of U.S. policy. Not only has no developed capitalist country apart from the United States shown the slightest interest in "punitive" economic measures against the Soviet Union but the business communities in Frankfurt and London, Paris and Tokyo are keen to rush forward and capitalize upon whatever openings the U.S. embargo may have created. Indeed, the current paroxysms of U.S. policy have opened up a wide range of international opportunities for those countries that remain, despite the umbrellas of NATO, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development and the rest, international competitors of the United States.

As West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was puffing his pipe in the Oval Office and gently suggesting to the President that his policy did not command universal support among the Western allies, Schmidt's closest ally and friend, French President Giscard d'Estaing, was on a ten-day tour of the Arab world during which he made plain, in words much less ambiguous than ever before, that France and, implicitly, the European Economic Community countries as a body were prepared to recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization as part of a concerted move toward a lasting, two-state solution of the Middle East crisis. Carter was mesmerized by the New York primaries, but the possibility of Yassir Arafat touching down at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris for an official visit threatens a much greater shift in international politics and in favored access to the oil-rich Arab world than a whole continental chain of Camp Davids.

On closer examination, moreover, much of the U.S. "response" to the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan has been propaganda for the American domestic audience, with little or no purchase on the situation on the ground in West Asia itself. Apart from the showy refusal of the Pakistanis to accept U.S. aid, it is also questionable how much real sense the new U.S. naval facilities in Oman and Somalia make. No full-scale permanent facilities will be allowed there; indeed, neither of these two lucky countries has yet made an official specification of just what it is giving the United States. And it will take months if not years for the naval staging installations to function, maybe just long enough for the respective governments to fix on a way of gaining some political capital by ostentatiously throwing the United States out.

Not much more can be said for the ludicrous episode of the Central Intelligence Agency's airlift of Soviet arms to the Afghan rebels. It was hardly necessary on military grounds for the United States to provide arms to forces that are already absorbing what the Pakistanis, Chinese and Egyptians have been offering them. One cannot also help wondering what sense it made for the C.I.A. to carry out what was supposed to be a "covert" operation and then deliberately leak the story to the U.S. press a fortnight later. As with the naval facilities, the answer must lie within the United States itself: one does not have to be a Marxist-Leninist Christopher Lasch to see the narcissism of U.S. foreign policy. The voters would feel something was being done, muscle was being flexed, the C.I.A. was being unleashed.

This well-publicized but vacuous U.S. response has, however, gone together with a more real and long-term response, one that has not received anything like the comparable publicity, and which poses other dangers. This involves the military buildup of Egypt, which has become, in the space of a few months, the strategic and commercial replacement for Iran. America is scheduled to sell $8 billion to $10 billion worth of arms to Anwar el-Sadat over the next decade, and while much publicity is given to the insignificant new naval facilities in a country like Oman, much less is said about the very real and important new air base facilities in Egypt, in particular at the airfield of Matruh in Upper Egypt, which has become, for all intents and purposes, a major new U.S. Air Force base in the Middle East from which reconnaissance planes now make regular sorties over the Persian Gulf.

This buildup is being treated with discretion, of course, so as not unduly to alarm Israel and its supporters in the U.S. electorate. But apart from its implications for the Arab-Israeli question, this new and massive commitment to Egypt means that the United States is now supporting a Mideast ruler who is in many ways as shaky as the Shah, but without the oil money that the Iranian monarch had in the last few years of his reign. Sadat's initiatives toward Israel are not, by

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all accounts, deeply resented in Egypt, although they are greeted with sullen indifference rather than an outburst of joy. But the ever-widening gap between rich and poor and the rise of an arrogant new parasitic class, including many people who had been chased out of the country by Gamel Abdel Nasser's revolution a quarter of a century ago, has antagonized large sections of the population, including many of the state officials and army officers upon whom the Egyptian regime has relied throughout the post-1952 period. Sadat's arrogant and short-sighted social policies, combined with his docile ingratiation with the United States, have created a dangerous and explosive internal situation.

This knee-jerk Middle Eastern policy, combined with a refusal to deal seriously with the Palestinian issue as such, goes in tandem with continuing illusions about how to respond to Russian policies. It is already evident that the schoolmasterish attempt to "discipline" the Russians is having no effect: the one big setback for Soviet self-esteem in recent weeks has been the defeat of their ice hockey team at Lake Placid, and this has only increased Russian determination to win all the more medals at the coming Olympics. Neither the Olympic boycott nor the economic boycott has made, or is likely to make, any significant dent in the course of Soviet policy. Recent reports in *The Economist* indicate that the Soviet Union will be able to use alternative suppliers and third parties to find four-fifths of the amount the United States is withholding.

But more to the point is the continued U.S. refusal to respond to what are serious, if cautious, Soviet attempts to negotiate major differences. This refusal was evident last November when the governments and press of the West reacted with almost universal disdain to Leonid Brezhnev's offer to discuss new troop withdrawals in Europe. Similar responses followed two more recent Soviet initiatives: the call for a conference to provide guarantees for the West's access to Persian Gulf oil and the Soviet proposal for turning the Indian Ocean into a zone of peace, free of all foreign forces and bases. The whole tenor of the alarmist Western response in recent weeks has been that the Russians are on the verge of throttling the West's oil supplies and flooding the Indian Ocean with Admiral Gorshokov's flotillas. But amid all this strategic panic, virtually no attention has been given to what are clear, albeit limited, Soviet offers to allay Western fears on precisely these two issues. The Russians are tough bargainers and will not betray their vital interests in such talks. But once they make a strategic bargain of this kind they keep it, and it is the height of folly on the Western side to whip up public opinion about a supposed Soviet threat to the Gulf and Indian Ocean while turning a deaf ear to initial Soviet moves designed to relieve such anxieties.

The Russians themselves have certainly not displayed the calmest of nerves in recent weeks either. The exiling of Andrei Sakharov to the town of Gorky was a panicky reflex that gave a perfect weapon to Russia's opponents. Their account of events in Afghanistan is a highly simplistic one—laying all the blame on the activities of the C.I.A., the Chinese and Pakistanis (true enough, but exaggerated), and in no way recognizing that they themselves contributed to the crisis in Afghanistan during 1979 by supporting the repressive policies and coerced reforms of the late President Hafizullah Amin.

By all accounts, the Russians are now digging in for a very nasty spring and summer, although the melting of the winter snows in March and April will increase Russian as well as Afghan rebel mobility. But whatever casualties the rebels may inflict on the Russians, it is not expected that they will be able to cause any major defeats or even hold any permanent rural base areas or population centers for any period of time.

The Russians now seem to be relying on two interrelated tactics. They are trying to hold the line inside Afghanistan, giving time—a matter of one or two years—for a new party and army to be built up. Despite recurrent strikes, the town bazaars remain open, and the Afghan Army has not vanished, as some Western reports suggest. But given the past divisions within the Afghan ruling party, it has proved impossible to get even a unified cabinet meeting, and this factionalism, as much as the narrow political base of the regime, has forced Russian advisers to play an even more direct role in everyday government decisions.

Contrary to the picture given in most reports from correspondents in Pakistan, the heaviest fighting is not in the Pushtun-populated provinces such as Kunar and Pakhtia but in the northern provinces such as Badakhshan. Here the population of Persian-speaking Tajiks, of Uzbeks and Turkomans are organized in part by pro-Chinese political groups that have a level of military organization and supplies of equipment superior to those in the more-publicized Pushtun areas. And beyond the military threat they pose, these forces are the ones that most alarm the Russians politically, because of the threat of Chinese influence which they pose along Russia's southern border. Soviet focus in its propaganda on the role of the Chinese in aiding the rebels, a role that, as mentioned, the Russians greatly overstate, has had the predictable result of increasing sympathy for China among young people who resent the Soviet intervention while not favoring the restoration of Pushtun dominance, which the main Pakistan-based rebel groups promise.

The other prong of Soviet policy is, however, designed to leave the door open for an accommodation with Pakistan, and it is his interest in this that may partly explain President Zia ul-Haq's reluctance to be "rescued" by Brzezinski for the time being. Far from inciting the Baluchi and Pushtun rebels of the Pakistani provinces to destabilize Pakistan, the Russians have been holding back those forces in Pakistan which might have been seen in Western eyes as their agents. Similarly, despite the facilities and aid that Pakistan has given to the rebels, Afghan President Babrak Karmal has repeatedly declared his interest in reaching an agreement with Pakistan under which each side would guarantee the other against cross-border intervention. If the Pakistanis calculate that they are in a no-win situation by aiding the Afghan rebels, they may well accept the fact of the Russian presence in Afghanistan in return for what they have all along most wanted: active U.S. and conservative Arab support for the present regime against its own internal rivals. At

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the end of the day, General Zia's chief concern is not the advance of the Red Army but the explosive mood of his own subjugated and disenfranchised people. Mid-March reports from Pakistan indicate that this new reality is already taking effect. Rebels are said to be unable to resist the Soviet offensives—their bullets will not even penetrate Russian flak jackets—and the Pakistani authorities are showing themselves less, not more, willing to back the guerrillas. This is causing alarm to U.S. policy makers, coming as it does in the wake of the aid rejection. As one disconsolate diplomat put it: "The Pakistanis seem not to be taking their threat seriously."

The greatest cost the Russians will pay for the Afghan venture is one that gives them a curious affinity with the Carter Administration. Both major world powers are discovering that their most pressing problems lie not in the highlands of Central Asia but in the crises of their own economies. For the Russians, the new freeze in international relations will inevitably mean, whatever the impact of U.S. economic sanctions, less emphasis upon consumer goods at a time of expectations of higher consumption within the U.S.S.R. This is probably the most worrying feature for the Soviet leadership, rather than the Olympic boycott or the local difficulties in Afghanistan itself.

President Carter can feel a sour sympathy for Mr. Brezhnev in this. Despite the patriotic clamor in the United States over the hostages and the new hardness vis-à-vis the Russians, there can be no permanent distraction from the problems within the U.S. economy itself. It is a curious feature of the present situation that the Carter Doctrine, legitimized on the ground that the United States had to protect its vital economic interests in the Persian Gulf, is being used to mask America's economic problems. It is being pursued both at the price of any serious attempt to establish a viable system of Persian Gulf security with the Russians and at the price of any serious U.S. reassessment of what would guarantee the long-term friendship of the people of West Asia. □

CHALLENGE OF THE '80s

Corporate Power In America

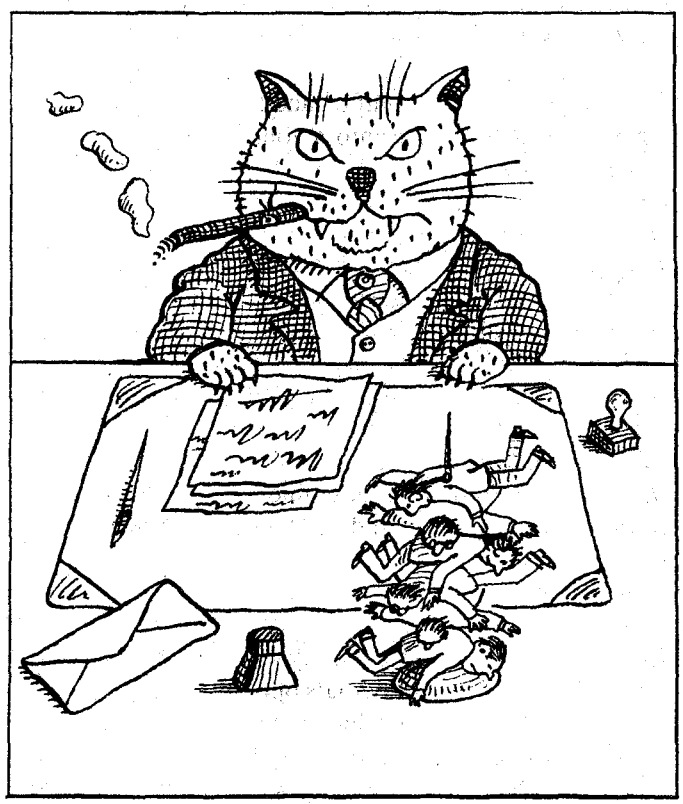
RALPH NADER

Writing in the late 1950s, William Gossett, the vice president of Ford Motor Company, described the corporation as the dominant institution of American society. His candor troubled some of his business colleagues who liked to diminish the impression that corporations have the power to control or condition so much behavior in this country. What Mr. Gossett said over twenty years ago is even more accurate today.

The mercantile values of the modern giant corporations shape more than market forces in their image. They pervade government, politics, law, taxation, environment, education, communications, foundations, athletics and even institutions formerly believed to be outside their influence, such as the family or organized religion. The calculated penetration of children's minds by exploitive advertisements on children's television illustrates how the mercantile thrust can undermine parental authority, as well as proper diet. Indeed, both in space and time, the large corporation is expanding its impact, as multinational activity and chemical and other technological burdens on future generations increase. Many multinational corporations' general revenues today dwarf the G.N.P.s of dozens of foreign nations. General Motors, Exxon and I.T.T. together took in more dollars last year than the Pentagon—which has the largest military budget in the world.

A corporate economy, a corporate society, a corporate state were not always part of the American ethos. Jefferson viewed the new representative government as curbing the excesses of "the monied interests." The pre-Civil War period reflected an established belief in the merits of a decentralized economy based on farmers and small businessmen, which culminated in the Homestead Act under President Lincoln's Administration. There was suspicion widespread during the first half of the nineteenth century about letting "legal fic-

Ralph Nader is an internationally known consumer advocate. This article is excerpted from his introduction to the Big Business Reader *(The Pilgrim Press), a collection of essays edited by Mark Green and Robert K. Massie Jr.* The Big Business Reader *will be released on April 17, Big Business Day.*



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tions" called corporations, with limited liability to their investors, engage in production without legal constraints. Advocate Daniel Webster could thunder in court about a corporation having "no soul." Legislatures were very restrictive in their chartering of corporations.

The post-Civil War period of that century witnessed what some historians describe as a major and dramatic change in the economy and in the prevailing ethos. The Industrial Revolution was underway with large corporate capital gobbling up small competitors. The oil, steel, tobacco, sugar and other "trusts" ushered in the first wave of corporate concentration. The Horatio Alger ideology with its mercantile definition of success insinuated itself deeply in the psychology of the culture. At the same time, the restrictions on corporate chartering loosened. State legislatures delegated the functions to state agencies, and they in turn delegated more discretion about what economic pursuits corporations could follow and what were the responsibilities of company officers and boards of directors. Late in the nineteenth century, states, led by New Jersey, began to turn corporate chartering into a competitive race for state revenues by enacting more permissive chartering laws. This "race to the bottom," in Prof. William Cary's words, was won by Delaware in the early 1900s, and that state remains the domicile of many of the world's largest corporations.

The Delaware corporation syndrome, which pulled other states toward a lower common denominator for chartering, represented a major victory for corporate power in America. No longer would the corporate charter constitute even a pretense of being a corporate governance mechanism providing accountability to shareholders and other affected corporate constituencies. Instead, the state-granted charters devolved with each succeeding weakening of the Delaware corporate law over the next eight decades. By conscious lobbying, corporations turned restrictive charter laws into instruments for further concentration of power in the hands of management. A constitutional structure for accountability rights by people inside as well as outside the corporate structure passed into history.

By contrast, the growth of various forms of corporate management power over shareholders, workers, consumers, community residents, taxpayers and governments proceeded apace—through the "Robber Barons" period into World War I (wars always increase a lasting kind of corporate entrenchment), the "business of America is business" 1920s, the "New Deal" 1930s, World War II and the massive acceleration of influence and impact during the past generation. Greater aggregations of natural resources, capital, labor and technology under more centralized management also daunted the ability of entrepreneurs, inventors and small businesses to challenge this megacorporate hegemony. Small business instead survived increasingly by becoming an appendage, a franchise to corporate headquarters, economically and politically.

Yet monopolies, oligopolies and giant business generally did not expand without challenge. A series of these challenges began in the 1880s with the farmers' revolt out of Texas and Oklahoma, so well chronicled by Lawrence Goodwyn's *The Populist Moment: A Short History of Agrarian Revolts in America*. The banks and railroads were the focus of this fundamental power struggle which, in weakened form, led to the populist progressive movement a few years later. The first regulatory agencies, price supports, public enterprises (grain elevators), producer cooperatives and direct democracy instruments (initiative, referendum and recall) emerged from this agrarian political and economic mobilization. This reform movement was probably the most basic and deeply rooted in our country's history. For all its continuing legacies, however, it failed to stem the tide of Big Business. Four other challenges during this century have had some intermittent success in curbing some of the more egregious excesses of these large industrial and financial companies—the labor, consumer, civil rights and environmental movements.

There is a uniquely consistent pattern to the strategy of response by companies once they decide that they cannot totally defeat the reform drive. Where regulations or standards are issued by an agency for health and safety, a deliberate process of delay, attrition and political influence is initiated. That is why statutes read more promisingly than the regulations and the latter read more promisingly than the reality in the marketplace, workplace and environment. Wherever the political government is empowered to protect the interests of labor, consumer or other constituencies, the corporate government increases its financing of political elections. Where the law requires a redirection of investment to reduce the costs of pollution or consumer injury, companies find ways to transfer these costs to the victims themselves, through tax preferences or administered pricing; they often avoid internalizing these proper costs to compete against other internal cost decisions (safety versus style in cars). And because of the inordinate secrecy permitted these multinational companies, management can wildly exaggerate the costs of compliance to prod public resistance to health and safety standards while at the same time keeping secret the evidence of hazards (chemical waste dumps, automobile defects, food contamination and drug risks).

There is always a lag between the actual adverse impacts of large corporations and public knowledge of them. This is true of almost every industrial danger exposed during the past thirty years from pesticides to nuclear power to occupational disease. There is also a great lag from corporate diagnosis to public prescription. The public consequences of these dual lags for people, nation and world are becoming more ominous with the advent of highly perilous technology in the hands of country-hopping multinational corporations. Fifty years ago an imperious utility might have cost

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consumers a few exorbitant dollars a year on their electric bills. Today that same utility is building or operating a nuclear plant in their community. Fifty years ago, the petrochemical industry was in its infancy; today it is flooding the human environment with carcinogens and a wide variety of other toxic chemicals. Love Canal-type dumps are being discovered all over America the Poisoned. Wherever Love Canals are revealed there are no conservatives and there are no liberals; there are only victims becoming angrier.

The contemporary challenge to giant business is quite modest compared to historical movements in our past. There is no strong demand for basic ownership changes. The furthest the contemporary critique goes is to offer alternatives such as greater self-reliance, more consumer cooperatives and a little public enterprise involving, for example, energy extraction and production on Federal lands to compete with the big companies. The principal call is almost primitive in its simplicity. It is a call for corporations to stop stealing, stop deceiving, stop corrupting politicians with money, stop monopolizing, stop poisoning the earth, air and water, stop selling dangerous products, stop exposing workers to cruel hazards, stop tyrannizing people of conscience within the company and start respecting long-range survival needs and rights of present and future generations. □

AFTER THE LANDSLIDE

Buying Time in Zimbabwe

GERARD COLBY ZILG

In a victory that stunned Western observers and white Rhodesians alike, guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union-Patriotic Front (ZANU-PF) won fifty-seven of eighty black seats in a new Parliament chosen by 98 percent of the eligible black voters. The meaning of Mugabe's election is profound. It was achieved against a concerted campaign by the white minority supporting Bishop Abel Muzorewa to discredit ZANU and hamper its electioneering. In a move that contradicted the spirit of the Lancaster House accord, the British Governor, Lord Soames, had decided not to confine the Rhodesian Army to its bases, as previously agreed upon, but invoked extraordinary powers to deploy them in the field. Actually, they were freely deployed by Gen. Peter Walls, one of the original Rhodesian proponents of Ian Smith's Unilateral Declaration of Independence (U.D.I.) in 1965. The result was predictable: skirmishes between the Rhodesian forces and units of ZANU's guerrilla army, ZANLA, continued throughout the campaign, feeding charges by Rhodesian authorities of ZANLA cease-fire violations and intimidations of voters. These charges were repeated by Soames and the press corps, who simply took the Rhodesians at their word. When challenged by myself and *New African* correspondent Charlotte Dennett, none of the reporters who had shared Soames's alarm could state that they had actually witnessed ZANU intimidation of voters. Plenty of "reports of reports," yes, but not one actual eyewitness account of a ZANU-instigated intimidation at work. While intimidation by all sides may have indeed occurred, it was ZANU that received most of the blame.

Yet, in a trip sponsored by the British election commission to Mashonaland Central, the mining and tobacco-growing hills north of Salisbury, we did see intimidation, but not by ZANU. In fact, ZANU repeatedly emerged as the victim in interviews with tribesmen and miners. At Mitziwa nickel mine, owned by Anglo American Corporation, workers said that ZANU had been prevented from holding an election meeting at the larger shaft where most of them worked. At an enclosed village next to the smaller shaft, a crowd of some 500 villagers gathered and, after some cautious hesitation, finally opened up a torrent of complaints about being beaten by armed auxiliaries of Bishop Muzorewa. And at "Protected Village #15," in a dismal scene reminiscent of Vietnam's strategic hamlets, every member of the local ZANU election committee had been beaten by auxiliaries who controlled the village; a ZANU election car was even stopped and its occupants arrested on their way to a scheduled campaign rally outside the village.

In each of these cases, we saw and photographed black voters being intimidated by the white Rhodesian official who accompanied us or by armed auxiliaries and members of the C.I.D., Rhodesia's political police. And in each case, the British election commissioner ignored what was happening before his eyes. Meanwhile, ZANU charged that some 5,000 of its members had been arrested and that the press was accusing it of everything from burying villagers alive to having plans to sterilize tribesmen in order to create a "master-race tribe."

ZANU's solid victory upset the long-standing claim of Ian Smith's white Rhodesian regime that ZANU's guerrilla war did not have the support of the black population. By 1978 the Popular Front had won control over about two-thirds of the rural countryside. But at the height of their military success, under pressure from the front-line states on whose territory the guerrillas had bases, the Front accepted Britain's call for a cease-fire conference. Zimbabwe and Mozambique, the two countries bled most severely by the economic disruption of the seven-year war, their meager financial resources drained off in expenditures for defense against Rhodesian Army attacks, put strong pressure on Mugabe and Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) leader Joshua Nkomo to accept the cease-fire agreement.

Mugabe then turned a potential disaster into a stunning victory. Electioneering gave ZANU the opportunity to extend its political activities into rural areas and cities from

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which it had previously been barred; it engendered a wave of inspiring (and for the white Rhodesians, dangerous) optimism and rising expectation. Unlike Nkomo's army, a force of well-trained regular army units stationed in garrisons largely in Zambia, ZANU's army was a guerrilla force that moved among the people, carrying out *politicalization* of the rural population, mobilizing the countryside and recruiting more and more peasants and workers to fight against Smith's regime. The shift to political campaigning was therefore much easier for ZANU's organization than Nkomo's ZAPU. And it showed in the results. The black population voted for those whom they had seen do most of the fighting against Smith's army and the farms of the privileged white minority.

This point is not lost either on the rest of black Africa, including the black majorities in Namibia and South Africa, or on the white National Party ruling in Pretoria. Just before the election, military experts in South Africa were quoted by London papers talking of South African invasion plans. Although the British refused to discuss it, there are still reportedly some 4,500 South African troops in Zimbabwe. Many are members of Pretoria's new black corps and, according to one South African Army captain, who is the son of a former Member of Parliament and confidant of the inner circles of the National Government, they have been issued Rhodesian uniforms and false passports. This was confirmed by us in Beitbridge, the border town in southern Zimbabwe, where Dennett and I photographed black soldiers in Rhodesian uniforms crossing the bridge at the border into South Africa without showing passports and heading toward a South African Army base at Messina.

The army captain mentioned above, newspaper accounts, widespread rumors, the extraordinary visibility of military uniforms in Pretoria these days all confirm that South Africa is mobilizing. Recently, units were moved by air from Namibia to the Transvaal to avoid having to use easily detectable convoys. The week before the election, troops were also moved into Natal along the Mozambique border under the pretext of discovering a cache of arms in the area of a skirmish with black guerrillas (the "guerrillas" embarrassingly turned out to be armed with South African-made weapons).

Whatever Pretoria's ultimate design, the wide scope of ZANU's victory has given the new Mugabe Government a legitimacy which has probably bought it needed time. Wisely, Mugabe's first move was to reassure the white population of his desire for them (and their technical skills) to stay and rebuild a new Zimbabwe. White farms that are "productive" will not be touched, he has pledged. But untilled land, including that of corporate plantations, will be turned over to landless black peasants. He has not made clear which, if any, of the mining and industrial concerns will be made public property and when workers will be paid better wages and allowed to organize unions. Nor is it apparent how he intends to square Zimbabwe's need for equitable trade relations with his request to enter the British Commonwealth. In any case, improving public services for the black majority, such as public education and health care, will cost money and that means taxing, if not owning, the revenue-generating productive wealth of the country now controlled by the white minority.

Mugabe's first problem is even more basic: the white-run army. ZAPU forces have been much quicker than ZANU to integrate into the former Zimbabwe-Rhodesia army of Bishop Muzorewa and Ian Smith; some 6,000 ZANLA armed forces are still believed being held in reserve in the countryside as insurance against a white coup or a South African invasion. Most ZANLA forces are integrating, however, and political education of black soldiers of the former regime is obviously an urgent priority for the Popular Front. How soon this can be accomplished, against the threat of the white coup that General Walls has pledged will never happen, is unclear. The mounting resignations of white officers are both ominous and promising, and the death last December of Josiah Tongogora, ZANU's military chief, makes a prestigious replacement for Walls all the more difficult.

Undoubtedly, with both the army and the economy, the crucial question is now one of tempo. If Mugabe moves too quickly, he will encounter white reaction and violence designed to destabilize his Government and set the stage for another Western or South African "rescue" operation similar to the one that led to the overthrow of Patrice Lumumba in the Congo (now Zaire) in 1960-61 and shored up Gen. Joseph Mobuto in the same country in 1978. South Africa is alleged to have three battalions currently on six-hour standby call for such a "white rescue." Was Shaba 1978 only a dress rehearsal for what is to come in Zimbabwe?

On the other hand, if Mugabe waits too long to initiate urgently needed structural and ownership changes in Zimbabwe, he will damage ZANU's credibility with its base of oppressed black peasants and workers, the only real source of power and meaning ZANU has.

And over all looms the industrial giant of white racism, South Africa, and an anxious West concerned about its corporate investments, its strategic military objectives along the Indian Ocean and the growing influence of Marxism not only in Africa's second most industrialized country, Zimbabwe, but throughout southern Africa. □

The Oil Reserve That Never Was

ROBERT SHERRILL

An impressive measure of the Arabs' ability to dictate our economic and foreign policies can be found in a contemplation of the "strategic oil reserve"—one of the biggest flops of the Ford-Carter energy program.

When President Ford proposed and Congress passed the Energy Policy and Conservation Act of 1975, our Federal politicians unanimously approved the establishment of a

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one-billion-barrel reserve. This was supposed to be insurance, in case there was another serious disruption of oil imports, like the 1973-74 Arab embargo. The presence of an ample reserve of oil was also expected to reduce the kind of panic that ignites explosive price increases.

Congress ordered the Federal Energy Administration, predecessor of the Department of Energy, to have "not less than" 150 million barrels of crude stored away by December 1978. The ultimate billion-barrel storage, and the 150 million barrels by 1978, were solemnly "declared to be the policy of the United States." On paper, the F.E.A. had things moving smartly along within a few months. On December 15, 1976, F.E.A. bureaucrats trotted up to Capitol Hill with the big plan: the oil would be stored in salt dome caverns and mines along the Gulf Coast. The F.E.A. figured it could have 500 million barrels in storage by 1982 at a cost of no more than $8 billion. That was a promise. The plan turned out to have virtually no relationship to reality.

The next big idea came from Jimmy Carter. In his celebrated "moral equivalent of war" energy program presented in April 1977, he promised to have not a mere 150 million barrels (as Congress had originally ordered) but 250 million barrels in storage by December 1978. And by heck he wasn't going to settle for the F.E.A.'s promised 500 million barrels by 1982 either. He would *double* that amount because "this reserve is the best kind of insurance the United States could buy." In June 1978, Carter's energy planners officially notified Congress to start pumping the money into the billion-barrel plan because "the expansion of the reserve is essential in meeting the President's national energy objective of reducing U.S. vulnerability to . . . supply interruptions." Carter said he intended to step up the schedule. He would have the 500 million barrels in place by 1980, two years ahead of the F.E.A.'s proposal, and he would have one billion barrels in place by 1985. All pipe dreams, it turns out.

Throughout 1977 and 1978 the Department of Energy (as the caterpillar had by now become) and the Office of Management and Budget squabbled over how much money should be spent on the reserve. The O.M.B.'s stinginess and the D.O.E.'s inefficiency resulted in a catastrophic shortfall. Came December 1978 and the salt mines contained not 250 million barrels, not 150 million barrels, but 60 million barrels —less than half the legal requirement set by Congress as a matter of "national policy" and about one-fourth Carter's rosy prediction. By this time, Iran was falling apart, there was all sorts of wild talk about worldwide shortages, prices were shooting through the heavens—and the need for the strategic oil reserve was at hand. But the caverns were mostly empty.

In a February 1979 article, "Where Is the Strategic Oil Reserve Now That We Need It?," *National Journal* writer Richard Corrigan pointed out sourly: "Just as the department is getting its caverns and pipelines and terminals and assorted hardware in shape, the world oil market has gone dry. When oil was plentiful over the past two years, the department had no room for it; now it has the holes in the ground, but can't find oil to fill them." What's more, the insignificant amount that was in storage was a mockery because no pumps had yet been installed to get it out.

The strategic reserve's budget, meanwhile, was getting out of hand. The cost of storage alone had more than doubled since the original estimate, and the price of oil had increased more than 300 percent. It was plain that the Department of Energy, which was being run mostly by executives drawn from the oil industry, was not trying to keep prices down. If it had wanted to do that, it would not have bought oil for the reserve on the open market.

In February 1977, the General Accounting Office, an arm of Congress, suggested that the caverns be filled either by what is called "royalty oil" or by oil from the Elk Hills Naval Petroleum Reserve (which, as the name indicates, belongs to the Federal Government). "Royalty oil" is oil the Government can take in lieu of money royalties from the oil companies that hold leases on Federal lands. The energy bureaucrats refused to use royalty oil, saying it would "disrupt" the industry. The General Accounting Office said, well, if you don't like that idea, why don't you at least consider buying the Elk Hills oil from the Navy? The energy experts again rejected the idea, arguing that although the Elk Hills oil was cheaper than oil on the world market, it was still too expensive. At that time they could have bought the Elk Hills oil for $12.31 a barrel. Three years later that same oil was selling on the spot market for more than $40 a barrel.

It is hard to get solid figures out of the Department of Energy, but a conservative guess would place expenditures to date at more than $5 billion, with only 90 million barrels—less than two weeks' imports—in the caverns. That leaves 910 million barrels to go. At the present world price, filling the strategic reserve will cost at least another $36 billion—which would bring total costs to well over five times the original estimates.

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Insult was added to injury in the spring of 1979 when Saudi Arabia notified the United States that it (Saudi Arabia) would increase its production level from a normal daily 8.5 million barrels to 9.5 million barrels, thereby making up for some of the oil lost during the Iranian revolution —but *only* if the United States stopped stockpiling oil in its national reserve. In short, Saudi Arabia demanded veto power over an act passed by Congress—and it got what it wanted. U.S. officials stopped adding to the strategic reserves.

By January of this year, however, Carter apparently felt that the world oil supply had risen to such a surplus that he could safely sneak past the Arabians. So he stuck a $1.1 billion request into the 1981 budget for more oil for the reserves. The Saudis spotted the request and began to threaten again. Increase your storage, they said, and we'll cut our production by one million barrels a day. Carter sent Energy Secretary Charles Duncan to Arabia to see if personal diplomacy would change their minds. This time the Administration tried to sound tough. One State Department official said, "We [in the Administration] used to fight over whether the stockpiling should be resumed. Now, in the wake of Afghanistan, the only real issue is one of timing of the resumption." The Energy Department's Office of Policy and Evaluation issued a study recommending that our reserve capacity be expanded to perhaps as much as four billion barrels.

But all grandiose plans and tough talk evaporated when Duncan got to Arabia. He found the Saudis adamant as ever. Further stockpiling, they said, would be viewed as a hostile act.

The reason they feel that way, as Richard D. Lyons of *The New York Times* has pointed out, is that "with a billion barrels of oil in the reserve, the United States would be more reluctant to go to the aid of Saudi Arabia if that nation were threatened. In addition, the less oil that the United States has in its reserve, the greater the power the Saudis might exercise over American foreign policy. Thus a greater amount of oil might translate into a greater reluctance by the Carter Administration to put pressure on Israel to moderate its stands in its dealings with the Palestine Liberation Organization and Arab countries in general."

So the Administration backed down once more. On March 5, Secretary Duncan called a press conference in Washington to announce that the Administration was calling off stockpiling for the nonce, and that although they intended to someday obey the Congressional mandate, "to do so will take many years—perhaps all of this decade."

There may have been no connection, of course, but just about the time Duncan was starting his negotiations to soften up the Saudis, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Donald McHenry, was raising his hand to vote in favor of the resolution calling for the dismantling of Israeli communities in occupied territory—a vote bound to please the Arab world. Carter did not reverse his position on that until Duncan had been turned down by the Saudis. □

BOOK FAIR. The sixth annual New York Book Fair, a free public exhibition of publications by noncommercial presses, will be held April 4, 5 and 6 in the Loeb Student Center, 566 LaGuardia Place, New York City.

CONSTITUTIONAL LESSON

High School Editor Takes The First

MICHAEL D. SIMPSON

Lou Grant, Erwin Knoll and A.M. Rosenthal notwithstanding, Chuck Reineke is the most courageous newspaper editor in the country today. Last September, Georgia state officials seized and locked up one edition of his paper. In October, the same government agents restrained him from publishing two articles. In November, they shut down his newspaper altogether.

What horribly dangerous information had Reineke attempted to publish that could incite the government to perpetrate such violations of civil liberties? H-bomb diagrams? Central Intelligence Agency secrets? Pentagon Papers? And, of equal importance, why hasn't the media screamed about this conscience-shocking assault on the First Amendment?

The answer is that Chuck Reineke is only 16 years old. The newspaper he edits is the *Arrowhead*, official student publication at McEachern High School, Cobb County, Georgia. But this high school editor had learned his civics lessons well—especially the part about freedom of the press. Risking the all-too-necessary recommendations for college, accepting his soon-to-be-imposed status as pariah, he sued. He sued his faculty adviser, his principal and his school board, and he won.

Chuck Reineke's troubles began last spring when, as a reporter, he wrote an article for the *Arrowhead* pointing out (quite correctly) that the principal's practice of broadcasting daily devotionals over the school's public address system was unconstitutional. An administrator censored the article.

Then Chuck ascended to the co-editorship of the *Arrowhead* in September and things began to change. Not content with a newspaper that was little more than a public relations tool for the administration, Chuck sought to forge a new *Arrowhead*, one that addressed meaningful issues rather than gossip, pap and sports. His first issue carried articles about the draft, energy and the snail darter. After the paper went to the printer, the faculty adviser "edited out" para-

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graphs of a story discussing attitudes toward gay teachers and the word "damn" quoted in a talk-show host interview.

After the deletions, the issue was printed and partially distributed. When the principal read the paper, he ordered all remaining copies confiscated and required students who had already purchased copies to turn them over to him. The principal was particularly distressed by the reprint of an old political advertisement for W.O. (Bill) Smitha, a current member of the board of education, which originally had appeared in a local paper in 1960. In the ad Smitha promised "leadership to keep our schools on a segregated basis. He knows it to be in the best interest to educate the white children apart from the colored." The editor of a newspaper in a school district still struggling with integration and busing might find such a revelation newsworthy. The principal, a friend of Bill Smitha's, thought otherwise.

The principal also objected to a rather disrespectful opinion piece attacking Georgia Senator Sam Nunn's pro-draft stand, an issue of some relevance to the future draftees at McEachern High. Although he has no law degree, the principal later testified he thought the article was libelous.

Discouraged but undaunted, the editor continued publishing. In the October edition he attempted to report on the confiscation of the September issue. The adviser removed the article because "the story had already received extensive coverage in the Atlanta newspapers" and would cause a substantial disruption of the school. The adviser also excised a sports column commenting on the football team's losing season because "it was not in proper journalistic form for publication on the sports page."

At that point, the shell-shocked Reineke sought help from the American Civil Liberties Union. They referred him to A.C.L.U. volunteer William Hoffmann, a brilliant young attorney with a large Atlanta firm. Hoffmann sent the school board the obligatory lawyer's letter respectfully requesting that the administration cease and desist their conduct forthwith. Predictably, the board ignored the letter, but the principal advised Reineke that unless he stopped stirring up trouble and threatening suit, he would shut down the *Arrowhead*. Reineke didn't and the principal did.

On November 23, Reineke filed a complaint in U.S. District Court alleging evisceration of the First Amendment and requesting injunctive relief. Meanwhile, at neighboring Pebblebrook High School, the co-editors of the school paper resigned in protest after an editorial supportive of Reineke was censored. Not to be denied, the defiant editors used their own resources to print 500 copies of the editorial and handed them out at the school.

In January, Chuck Reineke's case went to trial. The morning of the hearing, the McEachern principal beseeched the student body over the school P.A. system to "pray for us as we go to court today." There were, however, no signs of divine intervention in the courtroom. One of the defendants' five attorneys argued earnestly that there had been no censorship. "This was just the supervision of students in a classroom situation," he claimed.

Federal Judge G. Ernest Tidwell was not impressed. Relying on the Supreme Court's decision in *Tinker* v. *Des Moines Independent Community School District* (the 1969 landmark decision upholding the First Amendment rights of high school students), the judge announced that to justify the various acts of censorship, the defendants would have to prove that distribution of the censored material would have caused a substantial disruption of the school. He heard testimony from assorted school officials that the articles in question would have done just that. He then requested briefs and supplemental affidavits.

So the defendants set up a table outside the principal's office and asked concerned students to sign statements that they had "learned" of the contents of the censored articles and that, yes, sir, these articles would cause the requisite amount of disruption. More than 150 students signed right up, and the affidavits were submitted to the court.

Finally, on February 21, Judge Tidwell announced his decision, a sweeping affirmation of the First Amendment rights of high school student journalists. He disposed of the argument that the school board or principal enjoys the same powers of censorship as a private publisher just because the school funds and sponsors the paper. Quoting directly from an earlier case involving a college paper, the judge wrote:

> [T]he principles reaffirmed in *Healy* [v. *James, supra*] have been extensively applied to strike down every form of censorship of student publications at state-supported institutions. Censorship of constitutionally protected expression cannot be imposed by suspending the editors, suppressing circulation, requiring imprimatur of controversial articles, excising repugnant material, withdrawing financial support, or asserting any other form of censorial oversight based on the institution's power of the purse.

The judge was also unpersuaded that the censored materials would cause a disruption. At most, the articles would have "provoked discussion and comment among the students at McEachern" but "speech cannot be stifled by the state merely because it would perhaps draw an adverse reaction from the majority of people." The administrators' apocalyptic vision of a serious disruption was nothing more than an "undifferentiated fear," Tidwell concluded.

In terms of relief, Chuck Reineke got everything he asked for. The judge ordered the administration to immediately reinstate the *Arrowhead* as the official newspaper at McEachern High School with Reineke as its editor and to restore the journalism class as part of the curriculum. Noting that any financial crisis for the paper was caused by the officials' seizure of the September issue, the court ordered that adequate funding be provided in spite of the defendants' claim that no school funds were available.

The judge further ordered the immediate release of the confiscated issue for distribution at the high school and expressly prohibited any interference with the publication of the several articles previously censored. Finally, the judge issued an injunction against any future acts of censorship of material that is not libelous, obscene or substantially disruptive of the school.

Sadly, the response of the public and the media has been less than favorable. An Atlanta radio station conducted a

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phone-in poll on the case. The vast majority of listeners backed the administration, a finding entirely consistent with a national survey concluding that most Americans have little respect for freedom of expression.

While claiming "satisfaction" with the decision, the highly respected *Atlanta Constitution* nonetheless lamented the "bad precedent" and predicted that it will work to the "detriment" of the scholastic press because courts may "put a chilling effect on student journalism by ordering too much freedom." Too much freedom? That's a rather callous and condescending attitude from an institution whose very existence depends on the same First Amendment as Chuck Reineke's. To its credit, *The Atlanta Journal* was "delighted at this reaffirmation of the principle of freedom of the press on the school campus" and praised Reineke's "striving toward real journalism."

The school board has decided not to appeal the case. The journalism class has started up again, and the principal finally released the September issue, five months after it was confiscated—but twenty days short of *The Progressive*'s record for prior restraint. On February 29 it was distributed on campus with but one minor disruption. Accompanied by fifty to sixty students and with the media in tow, the McEachern student-body president burned several copies in front of the school to show his support for the administration.

And what of Chuck Reineke? After he filed suit, many of his classmates reacted with, in his words, "outright violence." They called him a "dirty Commie," urged him to "go to Iran" and telephoned death threats. But I talked to Chuck just the other day. He was pleased to report that most of the students changed their attitude after reading the released paper. They were "surprised" that the principal tried to suppress it.

I really wanted to know how *he* was feeling, whether he carried any bitterness from his on-the-job training with the First Amendment. I asked him whether he was very upset because the student-body president torched the *Arrowhead*.

"No," he said simply. "The purpose of my lawsuit was to win freedom of expression at McEachern High School and that freedom includes even the right of students to burn our newspaper if they want to."

William O. Douglas couldn't have said it better. □

War and Peace

(Continued From Front Cover)

Abroad, the cataclysmic events in Iran and Afghanistan coincide with the realization that Nicaragua, far from being the climax, may have been the first wave in a new revolutionary tide spreading across Central America, the Caribbean, Mexico and—eventually—even to the new immigrant populations of our own cities. At home, economic news—once relegated to the business pages—now vies with foreign affairs for front-page headlines: 18 percent inflation, a blood bath in the bond market, a badly weakened international monetary system, severe housing shortages and madly gyrating gold prices. Without question, these trends and events—far more than the Presidential elections, which have scarcely inspired debate of them—account for the new, highly charged political atmosphere of this opening year of the 1980s. But what, in fact, are we to make of them?

My own sense, after talking with writers, journalists, scholars, public interest advocates, organizers, foundation officers, church activists and policy analysts, is that what has given so many people on the left-liberal end of the political spectrum a renewed sense of urgency is the perception that a new and polarized situation exists that can simply and sweepingly be defined in terms of war or peace, intervention or nonintervention. The perspective is almost apocalyptic. The message is that the issue of war versus peace is now so urgent that all our other national problems must be put on the back burner.

One might argue over whether or not today's foreign and domestic economic crises warrant such an apocalyptic interpretation—as they did, for example, in the last half of the 1930s. But what one can't argue with—and what disturbs me most about the new single-minded concern over the war-versus-peace issue—is the extent to which the apocalyptic view is not just displacing the injustices that traditionally preoccupied social-change activists but is postponing the new thinking necessary to cope with them. As veteran antiwar activist Sidney Lens has written, there is a paucity of new thinking about a better society compared to the 1930s, when even the dread specter of depression and world war failed to dampen the ardor for meaningful reform. Where, in short, are the bold new ideas—not rehabilitated old ideas—for stimulating healthy growth, reversing the rise in illiteracy, creating new opportunities for a growing population of jobless blacks, integrating a proliferating low-skilled, poorly paid, largely immigrant work force into America's mainstream?

Freeing up more money for social programs—the classic butter-instead-of-guns argument of many in the peace movement—by itself provides no sure course for navigating through an utterly new era in our history. We are confronting major structural changes: the increasingly segmented nature of our labor force; the internationalization of our economy; the crumbling of our frontiers in the face of massive global migration; the increasing disregard for youth as the growing population of the aged are courted as a powerful voting bloc; the rapid dismantling of a century-old system of universal public education as fewer and fewer voters have children in public schools. As a result, to an extent unimagined by the Kerner Commission report twelve years ago, the United States is turning into two nations—on top, a predominantly white middle class getting smaller and older and enjoying the benefits of middle-class life and at the bottom, a growing dark-skinned proletariat doing the work in a service-oriented labor force.

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To be sure, slipping back into the familiar stance of dove versus hawk has imparted a new sense of exhilaration and strength to the left. The issue of war—like nuclear power but even more so—seems morally unambiguous. After a decade of losing ground to conservatives on domestic issues, foreign policy affords liberals the one arena where their views still exert a commanding influence. And the complex nature of the issues involved (arms talks, historic policies, military technology) demands a certain expertise. White liberals—males especially—again find they have a key leadership role to play after a decade of uncertainty in which social issues seemed almost the exclusive preserve of women, blacks, Hispanics and other ethnic minorities.

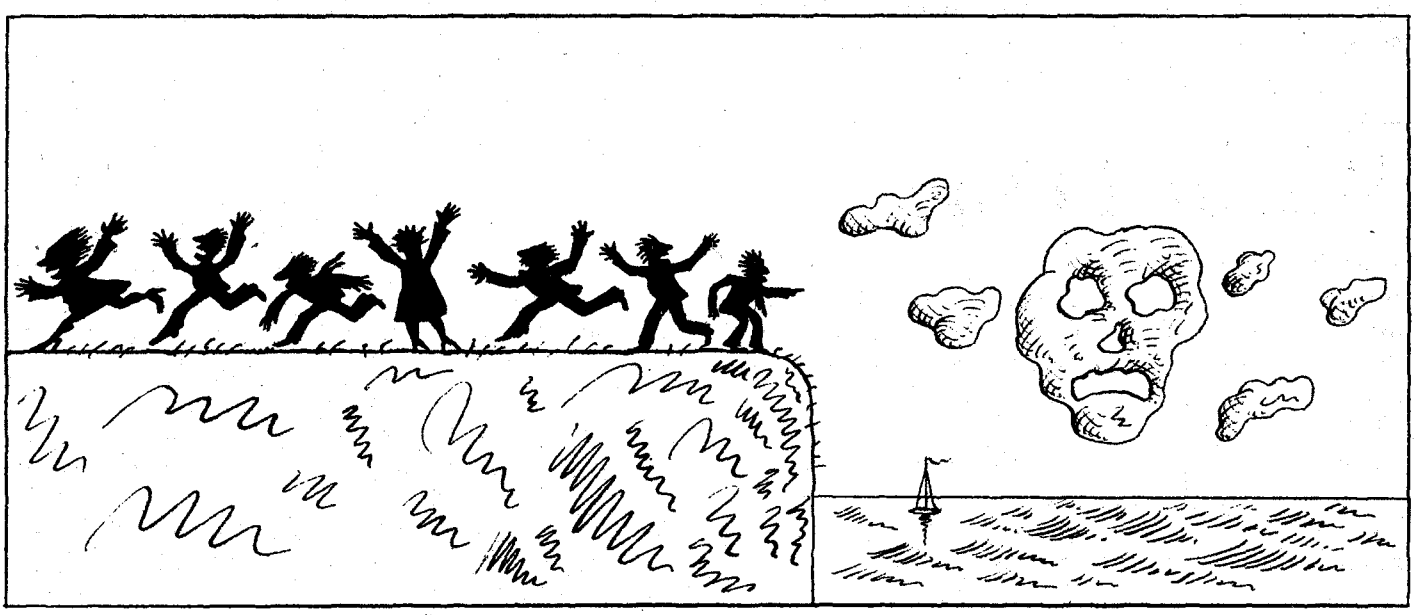
But gravitating to the war-versus-peace issue raises the danger not only of postponing effort to grapple with structural changes but of isolating the left and liberal spectrum—including church leaderships—from the radically altered contours of the social geography, particularly the area known as the Third World. By espousing a new apocalyptic vision, we are in danger of being not ahead of, but oddly out of step with, popular forces both at home and abroad.

Despite the unease over war and economic collapse in this country, more and more peoples around the world are acting on their own to shape their futures, seemingly oblivious to the prophesied apocalypse. In Iran, a powerful revolutionary upsurge from the lowest stratum of society toppled the seemingly impregnable fortress of the Shah's superstate. In Afghanistan, a badly organized and divided array of rebels is not only challenging a huge Soviet army of occupation but has brought about the virtual disintegration of the army and Government of the Soviet-installed ruler Babrak Karmal. In Nicaragua, ordinary people—including thousands of children—overthrew a dictator at a terrible cost in their own blood. And the flames of revolution are spreading north and southward, among many who were thought of as the most passive peoples on earth.

In the United States itself, grass-roots forces have grown, rather than subsided, during the 1970s, showing passionate concern over issues such as nuclear power, abortion, pesticide poisoning, taxation, government spending and schools. (See Michael Parenti, "Radical Decade," *The Nation*, December 8, 1979.) Despite rising permanent unemployment for blacks, despite worsening poverty for the working poor, more and more people are devising their own means for getting access to cash—with or without transfer payments from government, with or without government-funded training and employment. The classic 1960s image of an indigent, passive poor isolated from the mainstream has long been superseded by that of a potent, proliferating underground economy in which people operate according to their own rules to meet their survival needs.

Liberals and leftists have been perplexed by these new movements. They applaud the overthrow of the Shah but are appalled by the new Islamic conservatism that puts the chador back on women. They wonder how Afghan Communists committed to such progressive reforms as literacy, liberation of women and land reform could be opposed by what appears to be the vast bulk of their own people. Some commentators have described the rebels as "primitive fundamentalist Moslem tribesmen" who oppress women and are primarily interested in loot. The notion that they could tenaciously resist the vastly superior Soviet forces—with or without Central Intelligence Agency aid—was widely dismissed by these commentators, as well as other analysts both in and out of government.

While virtually all liberals and leftists applaud the Nicaraguan revolution, this extraordinary movement has received minimal analysis in the left press, particularly its religious rather than Marxist dynamic. And liberal-left thinking falls into disarray when confronted by the plethora of grass-roots movements in this country—which present a daunting mix of liberal and conservative ideas—as well as by the growing chasm separating a shrinking mainstream from the bottom tier of our society. Could it be that we on the left are once again underestimating the capabilities of people to shape their own futures, or that we tend to attach significance only to those popular movements directly



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linked to social planning by Federal, state and local governments?

For myself, as a woman, there appears to be a real danger that present liberal concerns will close us off rather than open us up to the radical new forces around us, particularly in the women's movement. Without question, if there was a single cause that defined and dominated the agenda of the liberal and left communities in the 1970s, it was the women's movement—and in a radically new way. Although offering an innovative approach to social change by demanding that it be related to people as human beings rather than an expression of abstract social values, American women operated in the isolationistic context of American society. They had only a few largely symbolic ties to their sisters in the Third World. Frequently, their efforts at cooperation worked at cross-purposes with the aims of the vast majority of women in those countries—as, for instance, when American feminists, visiting Iran in 1974, praised the Shah for liberating Iranian women from the chador. Finally, American feminists for the most part looked on government as a major ally for instituting programs like the Equal Rights Amendment that would guarantee their equality in society as a whole, in sharp contrast to women in the Third World and some nonwhite women in the United States who saw it as an object of resistance.

Today, government is hastily backpedaling from any and all new programs for ameliorating social ills—whether by intent or impotence is debatable. And the women's movement finds itself increasingly alienated from radically new modes of social change both abroad and at home—modes that often draw upon deeply held religious values about community life that are rejected by U.S. feminists, and that regard the state with suspicion, out of hard-won knowledge that all governments, unless checked, sooner or later resort to armies and police to advance their goals, however noble in appearance those goals may be.

The events abroad—particularly in the Third World—that have propelled foreign policy back into center stage have swept away the isolationist assumptions of the women's movement. Nowhere is this more evident than in the issue of the draft. Here again, the response of many women activists to this issue has been largely one of self-concern. Like the liberal community in general, they have opposed the draft in principle as a symptom of Carter's new adventurism abroad. But many have also included one all-important exception in their opposition—making it distinctly different from the policy of imprisonment or exile endorsed by the draft resistance movement during the Vietnam War. If it comes to an actual draft to meet a national emergency, they say, women should be included. Otherwise, a massive government-sanctioned reimposition of institutionalized sexism in all other areas would ensue.

The difficulty with this position is that there can be no conceivable national emergency requiring a draft that would not involve armed conflict with the Third World. Conventional warfare—the only labor-intensive aspect of modern war—is possible only in Third World countries. Conflict with the Soviet Union means only one thing—nuclear war. There is no scenario calling for the defense of the American homeland that could possibly involve active ground troops; were an enemy to threaten our borders, defense measures would quickly escalate to nuclear war.

Implying that there might be circumstances in which women would accept being drafted—even demand it as a right—means accepting the possibility of fighting only one enemy: Third World people challenging the interests of the United States. In such circumstances, the women's movement—still largely white and middle-class—would find itself fighting not only Third World armies abroad but popular resistance in Third World communities at home.

No one can or should belittle the widely shared belief that war has somehow become less remote than it was even six months ago, or that foreign affairs have now intruded into the forefront of our domestic concerns. But the question is, what do we make of these changes? To me it is clear that if advocates of social change allow the debate over war versus peace to relegate pressing domestic concerns to the back burner, they will isolate themselves from the oppressed sectors of our society—and those abroad—on whose behalf they claim to work. Moreover, to do so would be destructive of the peace movement itself.

But if it is true that the constraints on the policy makers of the United States and the Soviet Union—and for that matter, of smaller powers that are reputed to have nuclear weapons—have weakened, and that nuclear war is far more likely now after the events in Iran and Afghanistan than it was a year ago, then extraordinary efforts must be taken to prevent a drift into the final nuclear catastrophe. To mount such efforts requires building a new constituency that is broader than the old white, liberal, left and church groups of the antiwar years. It must reach directly into the black, Hispanic and other Third World communities from which, as during the Vietnam War, the bulk of new conscripts for war would be drawn. This by itself will force us to confront what is, in the end, the core issue that has created the foreign policy crisis in the first place and is exemplified by the Russian invasion of Afghanistan aimed at thwarting the emergence of an insurgent Islamic state linked to that of Islamic Iran. That issue is how to deal with the rising demands of religious and ethnic forces for self-determination and for a redivision of wealth away from the rich and powerful nations toward those of the developing Third World.

The gap between a shrinking and aging but affluent "North" and a growing, increasingly youthful but poor "South" has been growing, not shrinking, throughout the world. It represents what for years Third World nations have argued is the greatest single threat to peace in the world. But this same North-South gap is also indistinguishable from the gap we face at home—a gap that haunts our future as forcefully as does some nuclear holocaust. Unless we understand that there is no way to sever the war-versus-peace issue from Third World demands for autonomy and the redistribution of wealth, then violence is inevitable, not just on the global level but also here at home. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Bedbugs and Sandalwood

PETER BROOKS

THE LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, 1830-1857. *Selected, Edited and Translated by Francis Steegmuller. Harvard/Belknap. 250 pp. $12.50.*

"We are all fakes and charlatans," Flaubert wrote to his mistress, Louise Colet, in 1854. "Pretense, affectation, humbug everywhere—the crinoline has falsified the buttocks. Our century is a century of whores, and so far what is least prostituted is the prostitute." A curious theme for a love letter, no doubt—and poor, passionate Louise would not cease to protest that she wanted something more sentimental from her recluse lover—but the figure of the prostitute parades insistently in Flaubert's correspondence, now published in the first of a two-volume selection edited and translated by Francis Steegmuller.

Flaubert's prostitutes are not mere metaphors but real objects of desire: "It is perhaps a perverse taste, but I like prostitution—and for its own sake. . . . My heart has never failed to pound at the sight of one of those provocatively dressed women walking in the rain under the gas lamps. . . . Yes, that man has missed something who has never awakened in an anonymous bed beside a face he will never see again, and who has never left a brothel at sunrise feeling like throwing himself into the river out of pure disgust for life." His grand tour to the Near East in 1849-51 weaves an itinerary from one brothel to another, including a memorable night with the famous Kuchuk Hanem, belly dancer and courtesan, her couch infested with bedbugs which Flaubert enjoyed squashing between amatory interludes: "Their nauseating odor mingled with the scent of her skin, which was dripping with sandalwood oil. I want a bitter undertaste in everything—always a jeer in the midst of our triumphs, desolation in the very midst of enthusiasm."

Here is the authentic Flaubertian accent: enthusiasm deflated by disgust, a lyrical flight broken by dissent. He perversely exults in prostitution as the least mendacious face of desire in a world of corruption and falsity. Under it all lies a haunted sense of universal decay and dissolution: "How annihilation stalks us! No sooner are we born than putrefaction sets in, and life is nothing but a long battle it wages against us, ever more triumphantly until the end—death—when its reign becomes absolute." We may want to connect such statements with Flaubert's early memory of climbing the garden trellis to cast an illicit glance through the window at the cadavers in the dissecting room of Dr. Flaubert, his father. Whatever their psychic source, the images of decadence and wet rot are everywhere—most of all, perhaps, in *Sentimental Education*, the novel that Flaubert called "the moral history of my generation" and that plays out the theme of liquidation—of ambition and politics, of dreams of love and conquest—on all possible registers. The novel ends with the bittersweet evocation of its hero's first visit to a brothel. Venal love, love as artifice and as alienation, becomes the flaunted emblem of a reality ruled by political and fleshly corruption.

Poor Louise Colet, poet of belated Romantic effusions, was forced to serve as audience to all Flaubert's variations on the obsessive theme, including the lesson of worldly renunciation: "Let us always have a vast condom within us to protect the health of our soul from the filth into which it is plunged." To which he thoughtfully added: "The pleasure is diminished, it is true, and sometimes the sheath splits."

Flaubert's ragings against decadence and stupidity come more and more to be matched by the recommendation of isolation and the pursuit of an artistic absolute. These alone preserve. The task becomes one of hygiene. As he writes, this time to his close friend and private critic, Louis Bouilhet, in a particularly unlovely version of the characteristic image: "Literature! That old whore! We [illegible] must try to dose her with mercury and pills and clean her out from top to bottom. . . ." The retreat of Croisset—the little Norman town near Rouen where Flaubert continued to live with his mother despite the insistence of friends (and mistress) that a true writer belonged on the Parisian literary scene—became more and more the cell of the artistic monk.

The second set of letters to Louise Colet, from 1851 to 1855—following the trip to the Near East and the renewal of their liaison—becomes largely the chronicle of the laborious birth of *Madame Bovary*, the first work he would publish. It is with these letters that the reader experiences the shock of recognition, as there unfolds before him those resonant tributes to Art which together compose the very catechism of Modernism: the definitions of a new and high ideal for prose fiction, conceived as something of painstaking fabrication, formal perfection and uncompromising integrity. Here—and it is exclusively here, in the letters, since Flaubert never wrote essays or public statements on art—we have the first formulation of the esthetic doctrine which would be the credo of Joyce, Proust, Mann, of all later writers for whom the art of the novel became, on Flaubert's example, a matter of high conscience.

As he struggled with the repugnant subject of Emma Bovary's petty adulteries in a banal setting (he notoriously preferred exotic worlds, such as the ancient Carthage presented in the later novel, *Salammbô*), Flaubert conceived the absolute of a transforming style: "There are no noble or ignoble subjects; from the standpoint of pure Art one might almost establish the axiom that there is no such thing as the subject—style in itself being an absolute manner of seeing things." As a corollary, he announces his famous thesis on the artist's impassivity and impersonality: "It is a principle of mine that a writer must not be his own theme. The artist in the work must be like God in his creation—invisible and all-powerful: he must be everywhere felt, but never seen." What this means emerges most clearly in Flaubert's comment after he finished composing the scene in which Emma and Rodolphe first become lovers, during a [illegible] in the forest: "Today,

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for instance, as man and woman, both lover and mistress, I rode in a forest on an autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves, and I was also the horses, the leaves, the wind, the words my people uttered, even the red sun that made them almost close their love-drowned eyes." Art, in other words, must be a process of estrangement and distancing, an entering into otherness, rather than an absorption of the world into oneself. "The less you feel a thing, *the more capable you are of expressing it as it is* (as it *always* is, in itself, in its universality, freed from all ephemeral contingencies)."

This last statement marks a key rejection of Romantic notions of "sincerity" as the spontaneous expression of personal emotion. Flaubert's esthetic doctrine demands to be read in the context of a decaying Romanticism, which he knew only too well persisted in his own natural impulses (and had been given rein in his unpublished early work), as it did in the dominant literary voices of the time. He recurs frequently to the idea that he and his contemporaries are living through a twilight age of inconclusive change. "We," he wrote to Bouilhet, "have come on the scene too early and too late. We'll have performed the most difficult and least glamorous of all tasks: transition." We may understand better what he means by this when, a few years later, he salutes Charles Baudelaire upon the publication of *Les Fleurs du mal*: "You have found the way to rejuvenate Romanticism. . . . What I love above all in your book is that in it Art occupies first place. Furthermore, you write of the flesh without loving it. . . . You are as unyielding as marble and as penetrating as an English fog."

The exchange of recognition between Flaubert and Baudelaire (both of whom would have the savage honor of seeing their books, and themselves, prosecuted for outrage to public morality) stands as a high symbolic moment in literary history, for in retrospect we can see that, more than any other writers, they together accomplished the transition, and brought us into the modern sensibility. Romantics at heart, they wrung the neck of Romantic lyricism, transforming what had become a facile, self-indulgent cult of personality and inspiration into the *ascesis* of a modern art which, still driven by Romantic longings, would submit itself to the testing fires of irony, to the imperatives of banal reality, and the need to reassemble the shape of man's desire and his very nature from the fragments of degraded myths and the tawdry of the modern urban and industrial landscape.

In Flaubert and Baudelaire, we first hear the cadences of our own voices; as when, in a deadly accurate phrase that sounds like a fore-echo of Wallace Stevens, Flaubert writes: "We must tighten the frayed strings of our guitars, and above all we must be virtuosos, since in the present age naïveté is a chimera."

Nothing is so modern in Flaubert as his desire to "write a book about nothing": a book without a subject, dependent on nothing external, "suspended in the void." The outcome would eventually be that most Flaubertian of experiments, the unfinished *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, which tells of two encyclopedic clerks who work their way through every branch of human knowledge and craft with unaltered stupidity, regurgitating Western civilization as an undigested hash. The book breaks off after Bouvard and Pécuchet have attempted, with characteristically hopeless results, to raise two orphan children: a final indication that this novel is a parodic or negative *Bildungsroman*, a novel of education—which most nineteenth-century novels at heart are. Flaubert's novel of uneducation, of lack of progress, of universal—and fascinating—stupidity marks a final attempt to rid literature of "filth" through a choice to inhabit within absolute banality, and to transform it through a kind of absolute exercise in style.

As editor of these selected letters, Francis Steegmuller has been dexterous and helpful, filling in with relevant biographical and historical material, and excerpts from the replies of Flaubert's correspondents. The selections from the letters very much follow a design, particularly when we are dealing with the genesis of *Madame Bovary*, where the volume culminates, to be complemented by a second when Prof. Jean Bruneau has completed the definitive Pléiade edition of the correspondence in France. One could almost protest that Steegmuller's book is too artfully designed, so as to present Flaubert in terms of what he would become: lost is any sense of the random in his life and his reflections. But this would be a curmudgeonly objection to a job done with great knowledge and sensitivity.

And curiously, even with Steegmuller's guidance and our retrospect, the process of Flaubert's own transition, his transformation from melancholy young Romantic and provincial bourgeois into the author of *Madame Bovary*, remains a mystery. One wonders at the impermeable self-confidence that sustained him during the four years of labor on *Madame Bovary*, the work of an essentially untried writer who, in his mid-30s, had published nothing, and would emerge from the study at Croisset with a masterpiece so different, and so achieved, that it would change the course of literature. How was it done? There may be some clue in this line of advice to Louise Colet: "Live like a bourgeois, and think like a demigod." □

THE CHAIR

She lives in fear of the chair. He bought it
One Saturday when it rained and he couldn't
Go out fishing on the lake. The chair was
In a corner heaped with old jazz records,
Paperback books, spiders—it fit so well
In the interlocking bric-a-brac it shouldn't
Have been disturbed where its flourished claws
Were caked with dust. It is quite beyond words:

Oh, it has class. It has been sat on by
Bishops and bright young men awaiting aunt
Or the bailiff. It is queenly: the dim hall
Looms imperial with the lady chair, dry
With lavender respect. Yet, its whirls flaunt
Their disdain—the chair permits her no entrance at all.

Antony Oldknow

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Lost Property (II)

BEN SONNENBERG

The self-evidence of the maxim that work is no disgrace, the guileless absence of all snobbery concerning the ignominy, in the feudal sense, of market relationships, the democracy of the earnings-principle, contribute to the persistence of what is utterly anti-democratic, economic injustice, human degradation. It occurs to nobody that there might be services that are not expressible in terms of exchange value. This is the real precondition for the triumph of that subjective reason which is incapable of thinking a truth intrinsically binding, and perceives it solely as existing for others, as exchangeable.

Theodor Adorno
Minima Moralia, 125

A Prince Is Vexed

My father was an impressive man in the mode of the late nineteenth century: a "new" man to the dons and peers he loved to entertain, an "aristocrat" to the company heads he was hired by. His snobbism was the same as Morel's in *Le Temps retrouvé*, Proust having observed "with the infallibility of one himself susceptible," in Adorno's words, "that Anglomania and the cult of stylized living are found less among aristocrats than among those aspiring to rise." It led to peculiar locutions ("My man will show you out") as well as to the fairyland air of 19 Gramercy Park.

Walter Benjamin, brought up in town like me in a house with many servants, wrote in "A Berlin Chronicle" that "the economic basis on which the finances of my parents rested was surrounded, long past my childhood and adolescence, by deepest secrecy." This may be the rule in rich parvenu homes, whether Jewish or not. It certainly was in mine. Secrecy lay at the very core of my father's power at home. In addition, mystification was a genuine part of his work. He also justified earning by incantatory allusions to a fabulous boyhood (it seemed so to me) with actual deprivations; to growing up "an immigrant boy," as he liked to exult, "in a tenement-house on the Lower East Side" where the plumbing was out in the hall.

Part I of Lost Property *appeared in* The Nation *of June 30, 1979.*

On the other hand, justification itself was called for by no one but him. He pointed thereby to a pre-bourgeois past that, to quote Adorno again, "survives in the shame felt at being paid for personal services and favours." The pre-bourgeois world, involving pogroms with dreams of consoling wealth, though frankly a legend, was used nonetheless to explain why he'd had to earn money in amounts as large as "they" would allow for as long as "they" would allow it. It was located for us in Brest-Litovsk, where my father was born in 1901, a city that was historically now Russian, now Polish, now neither, now both.

The shame had a meaning besides. His business was public relations. Our house was a blush for this fact. Not only in looking established, while public relations was deemed "fly-by-night," as he himself often remarked. But in being so brazenly stagy. This argued no real difference between the public and private. Indeed, when my father was showing off, there *was* nowhere private at home. What things had cost was a part of his spiel as he took strangers through the house. No one corner was different from the rest of the house in taste. The "style of the whole" was in cupboards and drawers as well as in every room.

Also staginess made an embarrassment of the truthful and ideal. I reacted the more against sound common sense. All was a shibboleth. "You'll have to earn your own living some day." What sort of fool did he think I was? In this respect, I'm inclined to believe, the house was no less a frustration to him than a riddle to me.

"S'il Faut Parler des Femmes . . . "

Patronage formed a very large part of my parents' lives. They struggled to strike the exact right note in nothing else so much. "You know how to handle servants," an accolade of theirs, resounded in my love of hotels, restaurants and cafés. I later mistook affection for a kind of retail debt because stores and restaurants were so like home in their consecration to service. Judging from Restoration plays, as well as from George Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, not to speak of Shelley and Baudelaire, I had the old inclination of sons of the upper-middle class to forge my habits of spending together with my erotic life into a compulsion upon too rigid or distant parents. A number of meanings of "folly" and "dissipation" are here.

My own mad habits began with clothes. I thrilled to my first handmade suit more than to my first real love affair. Both occurred at about the same age. At the next-to-last fitting I felt such content, I had to make an excuse. Like many at this precise juncture, I said to the tailor, "I've just had lunch." To which he replied, "We hope you will again, sir." The right note! And struck by a tailor kneeling to fix my cuffs! How it chimed with the insolent deference that I was used to at home!

My first love affair, though a clash, naturally, was nonetheless keyed to the house, showing how (in the harsh but moving phrase of one of the Frankfurt School) in a "conceptual hierarchy which relentlessly demands responsibility on *its* terms, only irresponsibility can call that hierarchy by its right name." I got into an actual physical fight with a butler who'd been instructed not to let me go out; I stole expensive objets d'art to give to my girlfriend (a woman with two children, like Sophie de Rênal); and I ensnared my parents by going to stores *en client sérieux* where I couldn't have paid the bills.

Yet how very detached I felt, in love as in the house: neither a stranger nor quite at home: misshapen by a peculiar burden of spirit, I think. I kept things from being surprising by that same sort of pride which at 17 makes Julien Sorel pretend he is "accustomed to the subjugation of women." *Orgueil bizarre*: not propitious in love. I also tried to impersonate Stendhal at 46, the age he began *Le Rouge et le noir*, by acting as if fully conscious of the qualities I was spoiling. Another odd thing: I was retrospective like the narrator of "Le Plus bel amour de Don Juan," in *Les Diaboliques* by Barbey d'Aurevilly, who laments that because of his pretty face he had never had as a very young man the profits of his timidity. In other words, I esteemed regrets. This precipitate nonsense is typical of the Collector's Child, who wishes to pose as not wanting what in fact he wants most in the world.

Musset, in a striking paragraph in *La Confession d'un enfant du siècle*, compares a particular state of mind at almost the same stage of life to a room of the 1820s where vast eclecticism prevails; where all purposes, periods, nations and tastes are assembled pell-mell; which

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Musset says feels like the end of the world. So much jumbled up, in a fashion both unprecedented and costly, "*en sorte que nous ne vivons que de débris, comme si la fin du monde était proche.*" I think this akin to that special burden of spirit of mine: feeling you always have to appraise, to appraise and to be not unworthy also of *being* appraised: as on Judgment Day of which Kafka says it isn't a day but "a summary court in perpetual session."

Later, much later: in fact after years of travel, marriages, other bad debts: I am standing outside on a warm summer night. A young girl goes by with a little white dog. We smile, she walks on; I am filled with dread. Yet another seduction where I must explain? Where she can't or, worse, can "relate" to the house? Why must it always be there? I meanwhile relate to the little white dog:

> . . .oft intensest looks,
> Long scrutiny o'er some dark-veined stone
> Dost thou bestow, learning dead mysteries
> Of the world's birth-day, oft in eager tone
> With quick-tailed fellows bandiest prompt replies,
> Solicitudes canine, four-footed amities.

My Punic Wars

I went to two kinds of boarding school. One kind taught Robert Frost and took a position on Alger Hiss and on Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Prize. They were among the first places I heard, "We don't care how much money your family has." An out-and-out lie, I was sure. Only money had made them make room for me. Only sloth made me stint my revenge.

The other schools taught Tacitus. They were more to my taste. Like men's clubs they amplified talk of good: a good game, a good fit, a good book, a good lay. The prospect of pleasure they offered was like a view from the window at home. They travestied English public school life, like Captain Hook of whom Barrie writes: "Good form! However much he may have degenerated, he still knew that this is all that really matters." To provoke them I had but to trail my coat, showing the label of course.

There was a danger, however. They abetted sadisticness. They let us say "kike" and "jigaboo." They let us get beaten up. For being found in another boy's house. For wearing the wrong-colored tie. Apprised of these "punishments" in advance, the masters stayed out of the way. Once in Latin class, which our housemaster gave, after I'd been terrorized by older boys the night before, I quoted aloud from Horace in the ode about Regulus:

> *atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus*
> *tortor pararet.*
> [And yet he knew what the barbarian torturer
> Had ready for him.]

To what effect, though? Did he so much as blink? Like all the others he couldn't be shamed by something he merely taught.

The trials of Oscar Wilde had come out in transcript the year before.

> *Q.* Do you drink champagne yourself?
> *A.* Yes; iced champagne is a favourite drink of mine—strongly against my doctor's orders.
> *Q.* Never mind your doctor's orders, sir.
> *A.* I never do.

Yet the trials were poor as a source of reproach. Not only because like most comic art, especially for the stage, they delighted too much in the very things they struck at and tried to reform. But also because no one I knew, at school, anyhow, had read them. Nevertheless I thought Wilde was me. Incorrigible, irresistible, foolhardy, funny and false. And I thought, yes, that is what a star is: someone important for his mistakes. And I thought, why not be a queer? No doubt at all, as Adorno declares in "The Truth about Hedda Gabler," "Retention of strangeness is the only antidote to estrangement."

I found the trials pornographic as well. First, in their setting lewdness with manners and often vivid expense, among other aspects of social class. Second, because they are mindful of taste as an urgent and complex question. And finally because it is frequently taste in furniture, furnishings, rooms. (Proust surely made this connection to have given his dead mother's furniture to the brothel he helped to set up.) Like everyone else I weep hot tears at Desdemona shrieking "*Ah! Emilia, Emilia, addio*" in Act IV of *Otello;* like not a few I am broken up when toward the end of *A Streetcar Named Desire* Blanche asks about the woman she hears is waiting in front of the house, who turns out to be the Matron, "I cannot imagine who this 'lady' could be! How is she dressed?" and Eunice replies, "Just—just a sort of a—plain-tailored outfit." But who besides me is affected by Wilde's last remark below? It occurs not long after his famous speech explaining "the Love that dare not speak its name" when Wilde was at almost his worst beset; it mentions his co-defendant who procured for him.

> *Q.* You saw nothing peculiar or suggestive in the arrangement of Taylor's rooms?
> *A.* I cannot say that I did. They were Bohemian. That is all. I have seen stranger rooms.

Municipal Art

Walking was one of the very few things my father and I did together. It helped to establish the city as a story for me. Islands have this potential. Esthetic broodings on neighborhoods, "landmark districts" and such, are to these childhood excursions as philology to legend. Those intent on "municipal art," a phrase that traduces both terms, overlook a sort of "art balance" between purpose and aimlessness.

Manhattan buildings were types for me of the secular and mundane which must still be approached in a sacred way like objects in fairytales. The Flatiron Building, an island itself, on East 23rd Street, was one. Its many apparent meanings include fulcrum because of its triangle shape, matrix as well: wedge and womb (or "infantile yet monstrous," to adapt a remark of its time). It signifies mischief strongly, as always causing the wind to blow women's skirts high above their waists. It is a portent, too. Or was. "Its front is lifted to the future. On the past its back is turned": an allusion by Edgar Saltus, writing in 1905, both to its suggesting the prow of an ocean liner and to its pointing the way uptown. American architectural prose used to love the portentous, of course; but D.H. Burnham's great design is in fact proleptic, not only as being a casualty of the uptown progress it seems to foretell but as mediating an abstract form of unusual intrinsic power, as can be seen in the photographs by Byron, Steichen and Abbott, and, more recently, by Burckhardt.

Other important meanings are the phallic (wing and skyscraper), the oneiric (food and screen) and the anachronistic (for instance, the Triangle fire which happened in 1911). To talk beyond this, however. Though built

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almost ten years before he arrived, an immigrant of almost 10, the Flatiron Building was, to me, the fulcrum of my father's own prodigious rise. I thought of nearby Madison Square as the actual spot where my father had stood when the future rushed into the past: as of the hole in Epirus down which Persephone disappeared (and near which, the *Iliad* tells us, lived men "with unwashed feet who slept on the ground": the aniptópodes).

5Y4

Our cars were outlandish-looking custom-built affairs, more stately comfortable carriage than streamlined automobile, nothing racy or aerodynamic like Ellery Queen's Duesenberg. They weren't machines, but sumptuous small interiors that moved, implying a not truly high regard for travel, let alone speed. "A Brewster body on a '39 Ford chassis." That sort of car. The chauffeur was always having to say; otherwise no one could know. "A '41 Packard town car," noticeable on the rainiest night outside of 21. Each car had a pedigree, too. Somebody prominent had had it built. This or that "Mrs. Warren Wampum, a name as old as the Hudson." None was new with us.

We were driven on Sundays in one car to my grandmother's for lunch. My father's mother on Riverside Drive, up past the hulk of the Normandie, the Reichstag of the *rentier* class. And in another, a pre-war Cadillac touring car, to summer houses resembling those of Walter Benjamin's youth: "outside from the point of view of the city; but from that of the summer, inside." Similarly, our summer car: convertible, but with four, not two, doors: it never seemed really open, even with the top down.

We rented from people who'd never seen Jews up close before. My mother and father liked making this point. Their own kind could no longer rent as we could, bringing a full staff. Mannerly bankers with soft-spoken wives, good-looking dogs and pairs of Purdy guns, they had been ruined in the '29 crash. Ruined? They looked sounder than us. Their state of being before must have been unimaginably intact. We always left them our new croquet set (we brought a new one each May). Why this exactly, I never found out. But comic propitiation was soon my pass into adult life. At home, all that solemn permanence, tinged with absurdity more or

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less; away, an impermanence that also was equivocal, more or less . . .

My conscious objectives were therefore not those usual at a later age when, to borrow a phrase of Rimbaud's in *Les Illuminations*, money first begins to seek use "in the perfection of vulgar generosities." Instead, at 20 or thereabouts, I consciously sought opportunities for a favorite sort of transgression. These were (in no special order) expatriation and retail debt, adultery and being a spy. □

FILMS

Nijinsky
The Black Marble
Coal Miner's Daughter
The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover

ROBERT HATCH

Nijinsky is directed by Herbert Ross and produced by Nora Kaye and Stanley O'Toole; it casts Alan Bates as Diaghilev and George de la Peña as Nijinsky. These people have united to produce a sumptuous work, richly presented. The script (screenplay by Hugh Wheeler) is based on Romola Nijinsky's biography of her husband and on her edition of his diaries. The settings and costumes lavishly reproduce the pre-World War I European society of wealth and fashion. Excerpts from the ballets—*Spectre de la rose, Scheherazade, Petrouchka, Carnival, Jeux, L'Après-midi d'un faune, Sacre du printemps*—whereby Diaghilev galvanized the performing and visual arts of Europe, have been scrupulously restaged. The film was shot at Pinewood Studios in England and by units on location in Hungary, Sicily and France. *Nijinsky* gleams; it is a grand spectacle turned out with the polish of the Agatha Christie thrillers or *The Great Train Robbery,* a luxury product and as such great fun.

But this sort of physical elegance comes at a price, and not only in money: the characters take on the glassy finish of their surroundings. With movies like those mentioned above, that is no great matter—it may even be an advantage, since the waxworks verisimilitude of the participants adds to the entertainment. But *Nijinsky* is about real people of significance and complexity and I found the lacquered acting stiff and somewhat chilling. The players are so drilled to make the points established by research that they seem to be wearing their characterizations along with their clothes. The dialogue emphasizes this impression, often sounding less like speech than documentation. For all I know, there may be reliable evidence for the words spoken, but when almost every line uttered by almost every character fits exactly into an elaborate mosaic, the effect becomes a little lifeless. One-word labels appear to have been distributed: autocratic, feline, loyal, indomitable, hysterical and so on through the temperaments. It is cinema at the dramatic level of ballet.

From this general complaint I largely except de la Peña, who seems considerably more spontaneous than the others (that, perhaps, being the word on his label). Paramount's advance publicity carries the legend "Genius. Madman. Animal. God."—a caption in bad taste for a work whose taste is almost too good. "Genius" is a lazy superlative, but Nijinsky probably was one, and certainly he went mad; fortunately, de la Peña is not asked to play either animal or god. His Nijinsky is drawn as an exuberant youth, secure and strongwilled in matters related to his art, innocent in his love for Diaghilev, sadly vulnerable in the perfumed sophistication that enveloped him. De la Peña is a dancer and a good one. (A couple of his leaps in *Spectre de la rose* were filmed in slow motion, which amounts to treating a conscientious dancer as though he were Peter Pan.) Great pains have been taken to catch him in the attitudes preserved by the celebrated Nijinsky photographs and at those moments the resemblance is startling.

Though I have little notion of how Nijinsky looked and behaved offstage, I imagine him to have been less sunny than de la Peña makes him appear, but the characterization is at least plausible. De la Peña is by turns winningly boyish and stubbornly professional. He must play scenes of painful emotion, violent passages of the sort that test an actor's power and control, and he carries them off creditably. Bates forcefully projects Diaghilev's reputation; if there was more to the man than his image, it does not emerge here. Leslie Browne, as Romola de Pulsky (later Madame Nijinsky) lacks the poise she would have needed to elude Diaghilev and bag Nijinsky; it seems that no one has helped her come to terms with the ambiguities of her role. Alan Badel, as the elegant, self-abasing Baron de Gunzburg, plays, as he says himself, a bitch. It is the kind of

OBJECT LESSONS

Wondering if sky is blue with cold
or if physics explains it differently,
a schoolteacher, in her lover's absence,
fell off her bicycle, a second time
in the three days he'd been gone,
as if to convince herself she missed him
properly: an object lesson

like the ghostflower, *monotropa uniflora*,
with its white scales in place of leaves
—absence of chlorophyll, a saprophyte
whose flowers were terminal, nodding,
white, usually solitary

Light scattered long rays in the dust
around her. Rare this close to town,
driven in perhaps by stubble burning
in the rice fields, a brood of quail
gleaned the roadside cautiously.

She rubbed the sticks of her chafed hands
together. Incorrect, he had said,
to speak of keeping cold out.
Grasping a fair-sized fish by the gills,
a man cut across the street without
checking traffic. Watching the tail
slap against his leg, she grinned
in grimace at herself.

Debora Greger

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part any good character actor eats like cake.

Looking back at the film, I see Nijinsky as a solitary human being running toward madness through a company of exceedingly lifelike manikins. There may be some truth in that image, but I doubt that it is the one intended by this production.

The Black Marble (which seems to be what I was taught to call the eight ball) combines an opaque tale of crime with a mawkish tale of love to produce no pleasure at all. The crime involves the switching and kidnapping of prizewinning pooches; the love is between two cops, male and female, who discover great merit in each other while sorting out the canine caper. Robert Foxworth is Sergeant Valnikov, of Russian extraction and currently given to drink because of psychic wounds incurred in the line of duty; Paula Prentiss is Sergeant Zimmerman, who seems to model herself on Katharine Hepburn and is intolerant of large, soft, sentimental and bibulous colleagues. The conclusion, as you would expect, is foregone. Foxworth is tiresomely forbearing; Prentiss is unpersuasively tough. But theirs are not the worst performances, since much of the supporting cast has been instructed to be hysterically funny. Screenplay by Joseph Wambaugh; Harold Becker directed.

Pleasant people make pleasing pictures. This insight, which I offer as a slogan for the coming drive-in season, struck me as I watched Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. I say this not to disparage the picture—it is a very happy occasion and we have few enough of those—but to temper the somewhat feverish excitement of its reception. I fear a backlash.

The film is based on the autobiography of Loretta Lynn, and we have her word (*The New York Times*, March 10) that Tom Rickman's screenplay is true to her life, though with some of the rougher passages muted. It is directed with glee by Michael Apted, who recognized that in Spacek and Jones he had a team that would win the hearts, if not necessarily the minds, of America. Spacek's Loretta is small and spunky; she has shrewd eyes and a hopeful smile, and she can sing. Doolittle, her husband, is large, optimistic, ambitious to shake off the poverty into which they were both born. He listens as she sings to their children, buys her a guitar, pushes her onto the bandstand of a Saturday night dance and guides her, step by careful step, to the stage of the Grand Ole Opry and the big money.

Their marriage almost breaks when Loretta becomes the reigning queen of country music and Doolittle finds himself a hanger-on. Idle and ashamed, he takes to drink; overworked and underslept, she takes to pills. We hold our breaths. And there comes that night, as it seems to come to all the stars of the ballad circuit, when she collapses in front of an audience of her screaming fans. She's lucky, though: the strong arms of Doolittle are there to carry her home.

Told that way, it sounds insufferably sweet, and the sugar content is high. But there is salt in the shifting relationship between Spacek and Jones, and Apted keeps the two of them scrappy enough to be human. There is also the music, the melancholy lilt of the Southern hollows. In a word, pleasing.

It is surprising that *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover* should be shown at the Public Theater in New York, for that house specializes in films of special merit and this one has almost no merit at all. The cast dashes about a good deal, but attempts little in the way of acting. Instead, it exerts itself to resemble real people, most of them well known to us, and in that it fails hilariously. It might be argued that Broderick Crawford has a face sufficiently jowly and creased to resemble that of Hoover, but in truth he looks much more like himself. Michael Parks has a pleasant, forgettable face; he is of about the right age to play Robert Kennedy as Attorney General, but can't catch even a ghost of the Kennedy accent and fairly twitches in an attempt to recall Bobby's mannerisms. Andrew Duggan looks about as much like Lyndon Johnson as I do, and Howard da Silva waving a cigarette holder and with pince-nez perched on his nose, almost strangles in an attempt to sound like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had perhaps the most readily, and frequently, mimicked voice in recent American history. Since none of us know how Hoover's mother looked and sounded, June Havoc has a relatively straightforward job to do and does it efficiently. Apparently, no one could be found to stand in for Nixon, or the libel lawyers advised prudence: he appears in a three-quarters shot from the rear and I was not aware that he said anything.

As for the revelations implied by the title, I don't understand what they might be, unless there are people around who have not heard that Hoover got his start during the Palmer Raids, that he frequently repaid favors with a knife in the ribs, treated his agents like errant schoolboys, blackmailed public figures, got on badly with the Kennedys, maintained a long, ambiguous friendship with Clyde Tolson and grew in office from self-righteousness to megalomania. All this is conveyed to us once again, with maximum earnestness and amateur-night ineptitude. The movie concludes with the suggestion that, before he died, Hoover had set up the Nixon gang for Watergate, but I shall persist, for want of hard evidence to the contrary, in believing that they managed that well enough by themselves.

Larry Cohen, a man of varied television experience, who wrote, produced and directed the picture, collected a group of normally competent actors for his purpose. I can't imagine how he persuaded them to behave so foolishly. □

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ASSOCIATIONS

The Society of Evangelical Agnostics

Logo and information: SEA, Box 612N, Fresno, CA 93709.

SOCIALIST PARTY. 135 West Wells 325-N, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203.

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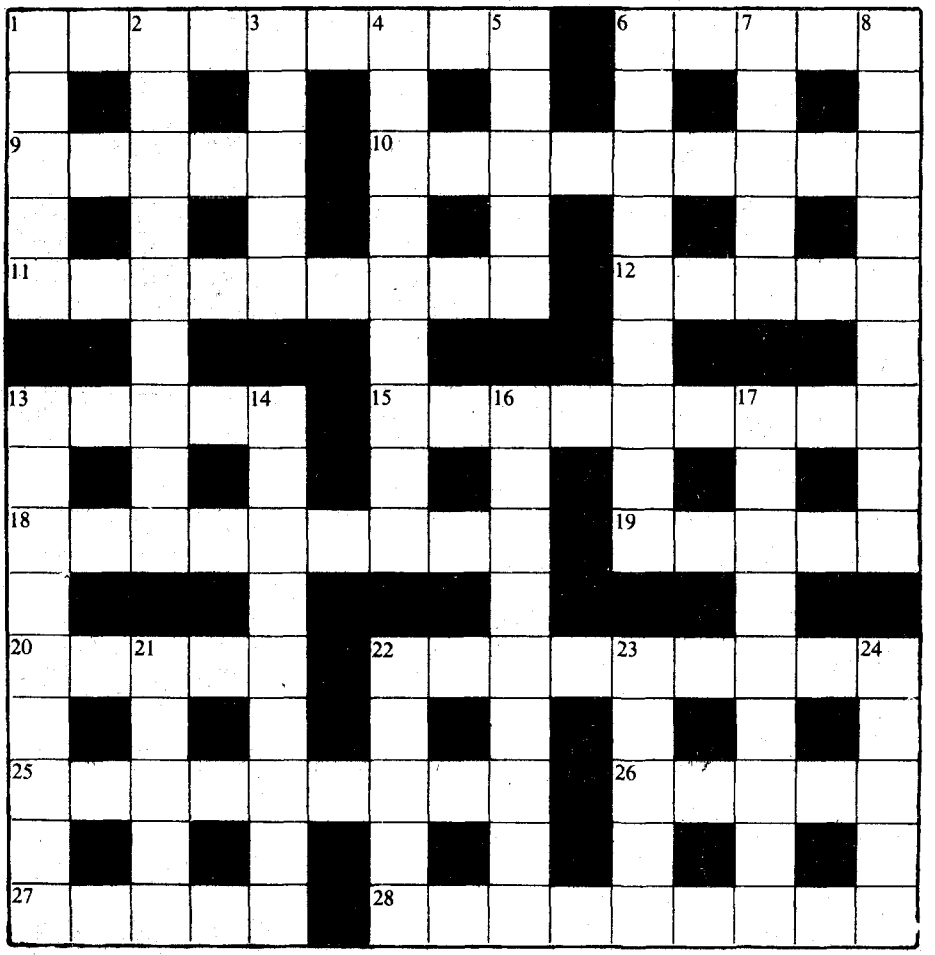
X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1814

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 One who improved his tail, according to Carroll, rips along with it, being emotionally dishonest. (9,5)
9 Refuse to sound bad? (5)
10 A supernumerary loses a little something that has pull. (9)
11 What one plants with the 5-point type, the real speed being uncertain, is a real gem! (4,5)
12 A number put up in the game by the poet. (5)
13 The opera composer loses in here, with one of Michelangelo's pupils. (5)
15 Either the writer or the book might be, as I'd act badly, indeed! (9)
18 A devotee with such as Fred or Sally, perhaps. (3-6)
19 Promise to use four-letter words? (5)
20 The proportion of air to this? (5)
22 One way of setting the musical theme. (9)
25 Story-telling. (9)
26 It's great when the dude is dated! (5)
27 and 28 Her lessons involved the downfall of Spain. (5,9)

DOWN

1 and 13 down An allusion to Caesar's Rubicon experience, heading more than one way. (5,9)
2 Nothing very loud with salt and pepper, when it might be cheaper. (3-6)
3 Deck or dock. (5)
4 Some Scandinavians might be 25 in this, and find a disintegrated icicle about it. (9)
5 Is it the next old type to make praise obvious? (5)
6 Without them 6 across wouldn't be flowers — (4,5)
7 —such as this sweet one was told to be by Burns. (5)
8 and 24 This might be an important part of your policy, though hostages could have it. (9,5)
13 See 1 down
14 A lover of one at a Roman internal uprising. (9)
16 Heroic acts like Wagner's cycle do. (7-2)
17 With such matter, net results are medicine or other prescribed regimen. (9)
21 The star simply shows certain bones. (5)
22 Having fat around one makes for a landed proprietor. (5)
23 A Siam version of African. (5)
24 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1813

ACROSS: 1, 15, 25 and 20 across A fool and his money are soon parted; 9 Migrates; 10 Nelson; 11 and 23 Bedroom farce; 12 Azimuth; 14 Varied; 17 Longboat; 22 Misfire; 24 Pressed; 26 Quorum; 27 Obsolete; 28 Meaningless. DOWN: 2 and 3 For crying out loud; 4 Also; 5 Denizen; 6 Islam; 7 Cinema; 8 Porter; 13 Amity; 16 Yard sales; 18 Odious; 19 Oarsman; 20 Parasol; 21 Events.

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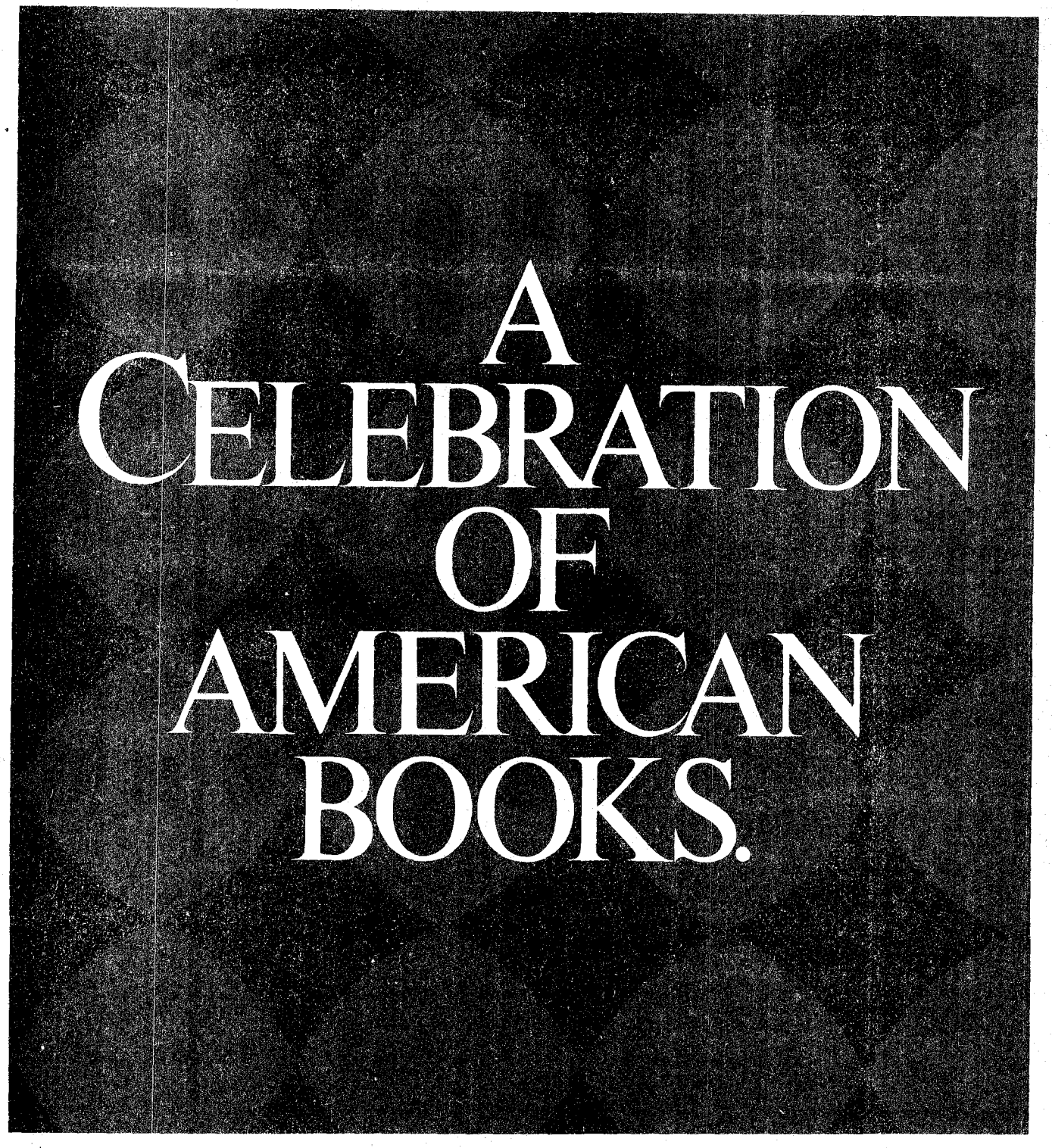

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